

SIERRA MADRE NEWS

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"Build the City—Trade Here"



*Its a
Pleasure*

To make garden
when you have
the *right tools.*

CULTIVATORS save at least seventy-five per cent of your time and labor.

Prices \$5.50 to \$8.25

We also have all kinds of

HOES
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CITY PRICES
OR LOWER

**Sierra Madre
Hardware Co.**
31-35 West Central



**Full Assortment
of
Easter Cards**

Woodson F. Jones

PHONE BLACK 75

31 N. BALDWIN AVE.

"Build the City—Trade Here"



You need have no fear or worry if
your money and securities are de-
posited with us.

Our vault is protected by a burglar
alarm system and is fire-proof. We
are also protected by the American
Bank Protective Co., and insured in
the National Surety Co., the largest
in America.

Therefore your money is safe with
us under any and all conditions.



TO START PICTURE SHOW

Sierra Madre Band to Install and Run
It; Profits to Go Into the
Memorial Fund

A movement is on foot by which
the Sierra Madre band is to build an
airdome (open air) picture show and
run it themselves, dividing the profits,
after paying for the installation
and buying uniforms, with the soldiers
and sailors memorial fund.

It is proposed to run an ice cream
booth in connection and "peddle" can-
dies, ice cream cones, gum, cigars, etc.,
to the audience.

First class pictures will be shown,
perfect order will be maintained, in
fact, it is proposed to give a show
equal in every respect to those of
Pasadena and Los Angeles in enter-
tainment and quality.

This is a business that the town
needs, and we feel certain one that
our people will support. The News has
tried to interest capital in a picture
show, but we believe this is a happy
solution and while capital is making
up its mind, let's go ahead and get
one of our own.

ARCADIA REPAIRS
BALDWIN AVENUE

The Board of Trade sent a commu-
nication to the Arcadia city council last
month requesting them to resurface
Baldwin avenue from the Foothill
boulevard north and the promptness
with which they acted is to be com-
mended.

Bids for resurfacing the road were
advertised and will be opened next
Wednesday. As soon as the contract
is awarded, work will commence.

Meantime, our Wistaria fete was
sure to bring hundreds of machines
over the road which was almost im-
passable, and as soon as this matter
was mentioned Arcadia city marshal,
Fred W. Treen, hitched up old Dob-
bin and himself handled the steering
gear and superintended the tempo-
rary repairing of the bad stretch by
filling in the holes so that now it is
in comparatively good shape.

That's what we call a neighborly
act and Arcadia may be sure Sierra
Madre will not forget it, nor fail to
reciprocate the favor when opportu-
nity presents.

Be Ready for the Victory Loan.

VICTORY LOAN FOR THE PEOPLE

"The Victory Loan must be placed
before people in just the same man-
ner as the previous Liberty Loans
have been, and in advised citizens who
have made the statement that it is
up to the banks to take this loan, it
realize the tremendous importance
and disastrous effect that such a
course would have upon each com-
munity," was the statement yesterday
of Henry S. McKee, chairman of the
Southern California State Central Lib-
erty Loan Committee.

"Few worse financial disasters could
befall this country than that which
would follow if the banks of the United
States were induced or compelled to
lock their reserves up for a term
or years through the absorption of
the Victory Loan; and the injury
would fall upon the people themselves
rather than upon the banks."

"Just to the extent that a bank buys
bonds, it has ceased to exist as a
bank. If all its resources were invest-
ed in bonds it might as well close up
for it could no longer make loans or
serve its customers. Then imagine the
condition if our banks were to lock
up five or six billion dollars of their
reserves in the next national loan.
Just imagine to what extent they
would be compelled to curtail their
accustomed accommodations to the
merchants and manufacturers of the
country. Then indeed should we face
a problem of unemployment compared
with which all past experiences
would be as nothing. The stagnation
that would follow in trade would be
disastrous."

"If you want hard times and high
prices; if you want factories to close;
if you want building operations to
cease and a palsy to fall upon the eco-
nomic life of the nation, you have
only to adopt the disastrous princi-
ple of finance involved in the declara-
tion that the banks should be 'made
to take up the loan.'"

"No," said Mr. McKee, "this must
be distributed just as broadly as its
predecessors and it is to the personal
interest of every citizen and all Southern
California that this be done."

"Plans are now being rushed for
the opening of the Victory Loan on
April 21st, and every citizen should
be urged on that date to duplicate
his subscription to the Fourth Lib-
erty Loan in a Victory Loan subscrip-
tion and thus guarantee coupon clip-
pings on the right side of his ledger."

Interesting items in the Want ad
column this week.

Soldiers and Sailors Day at the Wistaria Flower Fete

Monday, April 14th at the Wistaria
Fete; Good Program; Balloon
School Band Will Play

Next Monday is to be Soldiers and
Sailors Day at the Wistaria Fete and
every soldier and sailor who can pos-
sibly attend is expected to be there
in uniform, as the guest of honor, vis-
iting soldiers and sailors are cordial-
ly invited and urged to come.

The celebrated Balloon School band
directed by Prof. Carothers, will
give a concert as a part of a musical
program lasting from 2 to 6 p. m.

The Wistaria Flower Fete is going
stronger than ever this year and it is
expected to break its own record of
last year when the Red Cross had
charge. At any rate, the soldiers and
sailors memorial fund is going to get
a big bundle of money, derived from
the sale of lunches, candy, fruit, pic-
tures, etc.

The ladies of the Woman's Club are
working hard, and certainly deserve
the greatest success not only for their
hard labors but for their clever man-
agement.

This is a great advertisement for
Sierra Madre, as thousands (probably
20,000 this year) of people from the
outside return to their homes boosting
for our beautiful city.

So let's all help all we can; no mat-
ter if it does take us from our home-
work or our business, for it is help-
ing Sierra Madre which means it is help-
ing each individual Sierra Madrian.

Program
From 2 to 4 p. m.—Band concert
by U. S. Balloon School Military
Band, directed by Prof. F. K. Car-
others.

From 4 to 5 p. m.—Musical. "Dear
Little Boy of Mine" by Ernest
Ball.

Mrs. Veva Langley Kellogg, pianist,
"Grande Polka de Concert" by
Bartlett.

Miss Mary Ludlow, flutist, "Selec-
tions."

Miss Nina Kellogg, (The California
Canary) Whistling, "Invitation"
by Anita Owen; "Mocking Bird"
by Winner.

Miss Helen Williams, Interpretative
Dancing.

THE WOMAN'S CLUB

By Mrs. Palmer Rhodes

Mrs. Robert Mitchell and Mrs. W. S.
Andrews acting as delegates from the
Sierra Madre Women's Club attended
the District Federation of Women's
Clubs in Hollywood last Monday.

Don't forget the dance on Friday
evening of this week. The same good
music, the same good refreshments
and the same good time is promised.

There is no diminution in the daily
attendance at the annual Wistaria
fete now being held at the H. T. Pen-
nel home in this city. A hot luncheon
is served daily at 12 o'clock and a
novel idea which is being followed out
by a large number of ladies is the en-
tertaining of groups of friends who
lunch luxuriously under the beautiful
hanging blossoms of the Wistaria, in-
stead of in their own homes. On Wed-
nesday Mrs. A. J. Rust was hostess to
the members of the Dickens Fellow-
ship club and out of town parties have
been entertained from time to time
during the past week Mrs. J. E. Fair-
banks formerly of Sierra Madre, now
residing in Los Angeles, together with
five of her city friends, enjoyed an
afternoon tea under the wistaria vine.

Our regular meeting will be open to
the public Monday evening at 8 p. m.
instead of in the afternoon, on ac-
count of the Wistaria fete. Mrs. W. E.
Farman will have charge of a musical
program given by pupils of Mme.
Phoebe Ara White. All are invited.

FREE EMPLOYMENT BUREAU

City Nurse Brewington has as-
sumed still another official po-
sition, that of city employment
agent, as she has so many calls
both for help and for jobs she
has arranged with Mr. Pettitt of
Pettitt's cigar store to receive
phone or personal calls from
those wanting to hire help and
requests that those wanting jobs
to register their names and ad-
dresses with Mr. Pettitt.

REV. FATHER BARTH PASSES

A Truly Great Man Has Gone To
His Reward; Funeral Services
Held Wednesday

The community suffers a great loss
in the death of Rev. M. W. Barth,
which occurred at his home here last
Sunday. He appreciated the fact that
the Master was calling him home and
was impatient to reach his destina-
tion.

Father Barth was beloved by his
people here and was an ever-present
counselor, friend and companion. He
will be mourned and sadly missed by
the entire community.

Born at Treves on the Rhine, he was
brought to this country when only one
month old, educated at the Seminary
of St. Francis de Sales near Milwau-
kee, Wis., his first charge was as as-
sistant to Father Kalvelage of St.
Francis Church, Chicago, where he
labored for four years.

In 1882 he moved to South Chicago,
where he started a new church
where now stands the well-known
Church of St. Paul and St. Peter. In
1889 the archbishop asked him to
start a new German church on the
north side of Chicago. He founded
the now prosperous Church of St.
Theresa, remaining at its head for
ten years, and although the church
began in a very small way, when
Father Barth retired from its charge
it had accumulated property worth
\$65,000.

In 1899 he moved to St. Marie's
Church at McHenry, Ill. After a
short but successful pastorate there
he resigned and traveled extensiv-
ly in the hope of restoring his
health which had been undermined by
his faithful and ardent work among
his parishioners. A year spent in travel
in Mexico failed to help him and
he then went to Europe, travelling
through France, Germany, the Alps,
and Italy. Several months were spent
in Egypt, then through Palestine.

On his return to the United States
in 1907 he came to Southern Califor-
nia, and on the advice of Dr. Nor-
man Bridges, he came to Sierra
Madre. Here his health improved and
with a heart overflowing with grati-
tude to his Master, he bought a lot
and built a church and dedicated it to
the Lord for his recovery of health.

The funeral services were certainly
a grand tribute to the popularity and
sterling worth of Father Barth. On
account of the local Catholic church
being in process of construction, the
regular church services could not be
held as elaborately as the Catholic
ritual provides. However, in order to
give the local congregation and the
friends from other denominations an
opportunity to pay their last tribute
to the deceased, a short funeral ser-
vice was held in St. Rita's church Wed-
nesday at 8 a. m. The church was
crowded to the doors and several had
to stand. Father Woodcutter was the
celebrant of the Mass, who also
preached a short sermon, as time did
not permit to speak at length. The
Solemn Requiem Mass was held in St.
Andrew's Church, Pasadena, at 10 a.
m. The celebrant thereof was Rev.
Father Plaster, a lifelong friend of
the deceased. The deacon of the Mass

(Continued on page four)

NOT ALL SORROW IN FRANCE

Brest, France, 3-24-19.

My dear sister:—Well, today is
Sunday and as usual it is raining, so
all there is to do is to stay in our
quarters and keep dry. I am going to
try and tell you how I went to a
dance last night in Brest. There is a
Masonic Club which has been organiz-
ed, and for the small sum of ten
francs, any Mason can become a
member, consequently I joined it and
it is known as the Masonic Club of
Brest, France. Last night they gave
a dance and we had the hospital
nurses from "Kerahuon," all Ameri-
can girls, and the Navy band played
for us. Believe me, it was fine and
it seemed almost like being at a club
house dance at home. Our Adjutant
extended our passes until midnight,
so we could come home without be-
ing run in by any M. P.'s. We had
light refreshments and punch, cigars
and cigarettes. In-time this club is to
have a big recreation hall in Brest,
so we can drop in to read or write
and spend our time there. I think our
club card is a good souvenir to have.

Everything about here is about the
same with a continual flow of troops
coming and going. This camp is cer-
tainly a large one, as it is about seven
miles square with accommodations for
80,000 boys, and it is always full.

Well, today I am all keyed up, as
Tuesday I am going to Paris on a
three-day leave. My pass came thru
last night, so believe me, I am going
to run around while up there. Three
of us boys go out Tuesday night at 5
p. m. and we get to Paris at 8 o'clock
the next day. Our fare is 28 francs
for the round trip, and we can put up
with the Red Cross very reasonable.
You have to take your hat off to the
Red Cross, as they outdo everyone to
help us boys. They give us candy, gum
and coffee; handkerchiefs and almost
anything they can obtain. Over here
in France one never has seen an ice
cream soda and in Paris the Red
Cross has put in a fountain and serves
free sodas to the boys. This is only a
small item, as they are always doing
fine things.

Oh yes! In about two weeks we will
draw our gold stripe and division en-
signs. Just think, we have been over
here six months already. I can't say
when we will be coming home, as we
are permanent troops here. Brest is a
very tiresome place to be in but I am
not kicking. I sent a letter to Mr.
Seebree quite a while ago. Remember
me to all with love. "Auveur"
Robert Steinberger.

SAN GABRIEL MISSION PLAY

Special Through Cars There and Re-
turn; Boy Scouts Will
Sell Tickets

As announced week before last, the
News has secured a special day for
our people to attend the Mission Play
at San Gabriel, with special through
electric train service, to carry the
crowd there and return and a ten per
cent commission for the Boy Scouts
who will sell the admission tickets.

Friday, April 25 is the day, two
weeks from today. The special train
will leave the P. E. depot, opposite
post office, at 1:00 p. m. Round trip
tickets including war tax, only 54c.
Tickets for the round trip must be
purchased before Thursday night,
April 24, so that the Pacific Electric
Railway company may be notified as
to the number of cars necessary.
These also will be sold by the Boy
Scouts and at Woodson F. Jones store.
The ticket sale will be in charge of
the Sierra Madre Boy Scouts, Troop
One, and besides their individual ef-
forts, will be on sale at Woodson F.
Jones store, and the News office, with-
out commission, so that the Scouts
get the 10 per cent on all that are sold
for Sierra Madre day.

The tickets all call for reserved
seats so that there need be no "rush
for seats" and the prices are as fol-
lows including war tax: Orchestra
seats \$1.10; dress circle, 83 cents.

We presume every person in Sierra
Madre is familiar with this great his-
torical play, which attracts crowds for
several months each year, and that
this season the leading part is taken
by the greatest actor of today, Fred-
erick Warde.

Some of our people have already
attended the play and pronounce it
better than it has ever been before
and so we have no hesitancy in assur-
ing you that you will not only be
pleased and satisfied, but grateful to
the Scout who insists that you buy
your tickets of him.

Besides it will be a lot more fun
all of us going over in our own crowd
in our own special train, right through
without change—at special reduced
rates.

Begin making your plans now, put
a ring around the "25" on the cal-
endar and save that day for the
Sierra Madre excursion to the San
Gabriel Mission Play.

Be Ready for the Victory Loan.

SINGER SEWING MACHINE

The Modern Singer Sewing Machine
with Electric Power Attachment is
the absolute perfection in mechanical
construction. Practically indestruct-
ible and lasts a lifetime. The first cost
is little more, but cheapest in the long
run. Call for demonstration.

A few machines for rent.

BERGIEN BROS.

New GINGHAM

Beauties, the same patterns you see in the 75c and \$1.00 grades.
Big, broken plaids in pink, blue, green, also plain to match.....35c

WHITE SKIRTING

In herring-bone stripe, a heavy, soft cloth for skirts..... 75c

36-INCH MUSLIN

Bleached muslin, 36-inch wide good heavy quality 22½c

BONNIE-B VEILS

If you ride or drive you can hardly do without them.....15c

PHONE BLACK 85

J.F. SADLER & CO.

Standard Patterns

Warner Corsets

The RIVER

By
EDNAH AIKEN

When the Colorado
Burst Its Banks and
Flooded the Imperial
Valley of California

(Copyright, Bobbs-Merrill Company)

RICKARD'S VIEWS DO NOT COINCIDE WITH THOSE OF HARDIN, AND THE INEVITABLE COMES TO PASS.

Synopsis.—K. C. Rickard, an engineer of the Overland Pacific railroad, is called to the office of President Marshall in Tucson, Ariz. While waiting Rickard reads a report on the ravages of the Colorado river, despite the efforts of Thomas Hardin, head of the Desert Reclamation company. Hardin had been a student under Rickard in an eastern college and had married Gerty Holmes, with whom Rickard had fancied he was in love. Marshall tells Rickard the Overland Pacific must step in to save the Imperial valley and wishes to send Rickard to take charge. Rickard declines because he foresees embarrassment in supplanting Hardin, but is won over. Rickard goes to Calexico and, on the way, learns much about Hardin and his work. Rickard meets Mr. and Mrs. Hardin and Innes Hardin, the former's half sister. At the company offices he finds the engineers loyal to Hardin and hostile to him.

CHAPTER V—Continued.

The door opened and Rickard came in. Almost simultaneously the outer door opened to admit Hardin. Who would introduce the new general manager to the dismissed one? The thought flashed from MacLean to Rickard. He was not to be introduced. He was to be introduced to the telegraph operator. Bodefeldt doubled over the checkboard, pretending not to see them. Confusion, embarrassment was on every face. Nobody spoke. Hardin was coming closer.

"Hello, Hardin."

"Hello, Rickard."

It appeared friendly enough to the surprised office. Both men were glad that it was over.

"Nice offices," remarked Hardin, his legs outspread, his hands in his pockets.

"Ogilvie is satisfied with them. The men rather overdid the laugh."

"Finding the dust pretty tough?" inquired Hardin.

"I spent a month in San Francisco last summer!" was the rejoinder. "This is a haven, though, from the street. Thought I'd loaf for today."

Was Hardin going to do the right thing, introduce him as the new chief to his subordinates? Nothing, it developed, was further from his intention. Hardin, his legs outstretched, kept before his face the bland, impenetrable smile of the oriental. It was clearly not Rickard's move. The checker players edged. Rickard's silence was interrogative. Hardin still smiled.

The outer door opened. The newcomer, evidently a favorite, walked into a noisy welcome, the "boys" embarrassment overdoing it. He was of middle height, slender—a Mexican with Castilian ancestry written in his high-bred features, his grace and his straight, dark hair.

"Good morning, Estrada," said Hardin with the same meaningless smile.

"Good morning, gentlemen," the Mexican's greeting paused at Rickard.

"Mr. Estrada, Mr. Rickard."

Everyone in the office saw Hardin snub his other opportunity. He had betrayed to everyone his deep hurt, his raw wound. When he had stepped down, under cover of a resignation, he had saved his face by telling everyone that a rupture with Maitland, one of the directors of the reorganized company, had made it impossible for them to serve together, and that Maitland's wealth and importance to the company demanded his own sacrifice. Two months before Rickard's appearance Maitland had been discovered dead in his bath in a Los Angeles hotel. Though no one had been witness enough to speak of their hope to Hardin, he knew that all his force was daily expecting his reinstatement. Rickard's entrance was another stab to his chief.

"The son of the general?" The new manager held out his hand. "General Estrada, friend of Mexican liberty, founder of steamship companies and father of the Imperial valley?"

"That makes me a brother of the valley!" Estrada's smile was sensitive and sweet.

Estrada looked at Hardin, hesitated, then passed on to the checker players and addressed MacLean:

"I saw your father in Los Angeles. He has been chosen to fill the vacancy made by Maitland's death."

MacLean's eyes wavered toward Hardin, whose nonchalance had not faltered. Had he not heard, or did he know, already?

"I'd like to have a meeting, a conference, tomorrow morning," Rickard was speaking. "Mr. Hardin, will you set the hour at your convenience?"

Because it was so kindly done, Hardin showed his first resentment. "It will not be possible for me to be there. I'm going to Los Angeles in the morning. He turned and left the office, Estrada following him.

"Oh, Mr. Hardin, you mustn't take it that way," he expostulated, concern in each sensitive feature.

"I'll take orders from him, but he gave me none," growled Hardin. "It's not what you think. I'm not sore. But I don't like him. He's a fancy dude. He's not the man for this job."

"Then you knew him before?" It was a surprise to Estrada.

"At college. He was my—er—instructor. Marshall found him in the classroom. A theory slinger."

Estrada's thoughtful glance rested on the angry face. Was this genuine, or did not Hardin know of the years Rickard had served on the road; of the job in the heat-baked barrancas of Mexico, where Marshall had "found" him? But he would not try again to persuade Hardin to give up his trip to Los Angeles. It might be better, after all, for the new manager to take charge with his predecessor out of the way.

"MacLean's coming down tonight," he threw out, still watching Hardin's face. "With Babcock."

"I won't be missed," Hardin's mouth was bitter. "Estrada, if I had the sense of a goat I'd sell out, sell my stock to MacLean and quit. What's in all this for me? Does anyone doubt my reason for staying? It would be like leaving a sinking ship, like deserting the passengers and crew one had brought on board. God! I'd like to go! But how can I? I've got hold of the tail of the bear and I can't let go!"

"No one doubts you—" began Estrada. Hardin turned away, with an ugly oath. The Mexican stood watching his stumbling anger. "Poor Hardin!"

In the office Rickard was speaking to MacLean, whom he had drawn to one side, out of earshot of the checker players.

"I want you to do something for me, not at all agreeable!" His tone implied that the boy was not given the chance to beg off. "What time does the train pull out in the morning?"

"Six-fifteen."

"I'll have a letter for you at the hotel at six. Be on time. I want to catch Hardin before he leaves for Los Angeles. If he's really going, I'll give him today to think it over. But he can't disregard an order as he did my invitation. I didn't want to rub it in before the men."

MacLean stared, then said that he thought he was not likely to!

Rickard left the office in time to see Hardin shutting the outer gate behind him. His exit released a chorus of indignant voices.

"An outrage!"

"A d—d shame!" This from Wooster.

"Hardin's luck!"

On the other side of the door Rickard deliberated. The hotel and its curious loungers, or his new office, where Ogilvie was making a great show of



Hardin Turned Away With an Ugly Oath.

occupation. He had not seen Estrada. He was making a sudden dive for his hotel when the gentle voice of the Mexican hailed him.

"Will you come to my car? It's on the siding right here. We can have a little lunch and then look over some maps together. I have some pictures of the river and the gate. They may be new to you."

Rickard spent the afternoon in the car. The twin towns did not seem so hostile. He thought he might like the Mexican.

Estrada was earning his father's mantle. He was the superintendent of the road which the Overland Pacific was building between the twin

towns and the Crossing; a director of the Desert Reclamation company, and the head of a small subsidiary company which had been created to protect rights and keep harmonious relation with the sister country. Rickard found him full of meat, and heard, for the first time consecutively, the story of the rakish river. Particularly interesting to him was the relation of Hardin to the company.

"He has the bad luck, that man!" exclaimed Estrada's soft, musical voice. "Everything is in his hands, capital is promised, and he goes to New York to have the papers drawn up. The day he gets there the Maine is destroyed. Of course capital is shy. He's had the devil's own luck with men: Gifford, honest but mulish; Sather, mulish and not honest—oh, there's a string of them. Once he went to Hermosillo to get an option on my father's lands. They were already covered by an option held by some men in Scotland. Another man would have waited for the three months to pass. Not Hardin. He went to Scotland, thought he'd interest those men with his maps and papers. He owned all the data then. He'd made the survey."

Estrada repeated the story Brandon and Marshall had told, with little discrepancy. A friendly refrain followed the narrative. "He has the bad luck, that man!"

"And the Scotch option?" reminded Rickard, smiling at his own poor joke.

"It was just that. A case of Hardin luck again. He stopped off in London to interest some capital there; following up a lead developed on the steamer. He was never a man to neglect a chance. Nothing came of it, though, and when he reached Glasgow he found his man had died two days before—or been killed, I've forgotten which. Three times Hardin crossed the ocean trying to corner the opportunity he thought he had found. It isn't laziness, it's his trouble. It's just infernal luck."

"Or over-astuteness, or procrastination," criticized his listener to himself. He knew now what it was that had so changed Hardin. A man cannot travel, even though he be bounding down a quick scent, without meeting strong influences. He had been thrown with hard men, strong men. It was an inevitable chiseling, not a miracle.

"I want to hear more of this some day. But this map, I don't understand what you told me of this by-pass, Mr. Estrada."

Their heads were still bending over Estrada's rough work bench when the Japanese cook announced that dinner was waiting in the adjoining car. MacLean and Bodefeldt and several young engineers joined them.

It had been outwardly a wasted day. Rickard had lounged, socially and physically. But before he turned in that night he had learned the names and dispositions of his force, and some of their prejudices. Nothing, he summed up, could be guessed from the gentleness of the Mexican's manner. Wooster's antagonism was open and snappish. Silent was to be watched, and Hardin had already shown his hand.

The river, as he thought of it, appeared the least formidable of his opponents. He was imaging it as a high-spirited horse, maddened by the fumbling of its would-be captors. His task it was to lasso the proud stallion, lead it in bridled to the sterile land. No wonder Hardin was sore; his noose had slipped off one time too many! Hardin's luck!

CHAPTER VI.

Red Tape.

At ten o'clock the next morning Hardin, entering the office, again the general manager's, found there before him George MacLean, the new director, and Percy Babcock, the treasurer, who had been put in by the Overland Pacific when the old company was reorganized. They had just come in from Los Angeles, the trip made in MacLean's private car, to attend a director's meeting.

Rickard entered a few minutes later, Estrada behind him. Ogilvie followed Rickard to his desk.

"Well?" inquired the new manager. Ogilvie explained lengthily that he had the minutes of the last meeting.

"Leave them here," Rickard waved him toward Estrada, who held out his hand for the papers.

Reluctantly the accountant relinquished the papers. His retreating countenance looked ludicrously whipped but no one laughed. Hardin's scowl deepened.

"Showing his power," he thought. "He's going to call for a new pack." Estrada pushed the minutes through with but a few unimportant interruptions. He was sitting at the same desk with Rickard. Hardin, sensitive and sullen, thought he saw the meeting managed between them.

Several times he attempted to bring the tangled affairs of the water companies before the directors. Rickard would not discuss the water companies.

"Because he's not posted! He's be-

ginning to see what he's up against," ran Hardin's stormy thoughts.

He was on his feet the next minute with a motion to complete the Hardin headgate. Violently he declaimed to Babcock and MacLean his wrongs, the injustice that had been done him. Marshall had let that fellow Maitland convince him that the gate was not practicable; had it not been for him the gate would be in place now; all this time and money saved. And the Maitland dam, built instead! Where was it? Where was the money, the time, put in that little toy? Sickening! His face purpled over the memory. Why was he allowed to begin again with the gate? "Answer me that. Why was I allowed to begin again? It's all child's play, that's what it is. And when I am in it again up to my neck he pulls me off!"

This was the real Hardin, the uncouth, overgrown Lawrence student! The new manner was just a veneer. Rickard had been expecting it to wear thin.

"I think," interjected Rickard, "that we all agree with Mr. Marshall. Mr. Hardin, that a wooden headgate on silt foundation could never be more than a makeshift. I understood that the first day he visited the river with you he had the idea to put the ultimate gate, the gate which would control the water supply of the valley, up at the Crossing on rock foundation. Mr. Marshall does not expect to finish that in time to be of first use. He hopes the wooden gate will solve the immediate problem. It was a case of any port in a storm. He has asked me to report my opinion."

"Why doesn't he give me a chance to go ahead then?" growled the deposed manager. "Instead of letting the intake widen until it will be an impossibility to confine the river there at all?"

"So you do think that it will be an impossibility to complete the gate as planned?"

Hardin had run too fast. "I didn't mean that," he stammered. "I mean it will be difficult if we are delayed much longer."

"Have you the force to re-begin work at once?" demanded Rickard.

"I had it," evaded Hardin. "I had everything ready to go on—men, material—when we stopped the last time."

"Answer my question, please."

"I should have to assemble them again," admitted Hardin sulkily.

Rickard consulted his notebook. "I think we've covered everything. Now I want to propose the laying of a spur track from Hamlin's Junction to the Heading." His manner cleared the stage of supernumeraries; this was the climax. Hardin looked ready to spring.

"And in connection with that the development of a quarry in the granite hills back of Hamlin's," continued Rickard, not looking at Hardin.

Instantly Hardin was on his feet. His fist thundered on the table. "I shall oppose that," he flared. "It is absolutely unnecessary. We can't afford it. Do you know what that will cost, gentlemen?"

"One hundred thousand dollars!" Rickard interrupted him. "I want an appropriation this morning for that amount. It is, in my opinion, absolutely necessary if we are to save the valley. We cannot afford not to do it, Mr. Hardin!"

Hardin glared at the other men for support; he found MacLean's face a blank wall; Estrada looked uncomfortable. Babcock had picked up his ears at the sound of the desired appropriation; his head on one side, he looked like an inquisitive terrier.

Hardin spread out his hands in helpless desperation. "You'll ruin us," he said. "It's your money, the O. P.'s, but you're lending it, not giving it to us. You are going to swamp the Desert Reclamation company. We can't throw funds away like that!" One hundred thousand dollars! Why, he could have stopped the river at any time if he had had that sum; once a paltry thousand would have saved them—"I didn't ask the O. P. to come in and ruin us, but to stop the river; not to throw money away in hog-wild fashion!" He was stammering inarticulately. "There's no need of a spur-track if you rush my gate through."

"If," Rickard nodded. "Granted. If we can rush it through. But suppose it fails? Marshall said the railroad would stand for no contingencies. The interests at stake are too vital—" "Interests!" cried Tom Hardin. "What do you know of the interest at stake? You or your railroad? Coming in at the eleventh hour, what can you know? Did you promise safety to thousands of families if they made their homes in this valley? Are you responsible? Did you get up this company, induce your friends to put their money in it, promise to see them through? What do you know of the interests at stake? You want to put one hundred thousand dollars into a frill. God, do you know what that means to my company? It means ruin—" Estrada pulled him down in his seat.

Rickard explained to the directors the necessity in his opinion of the spur-track and the quarry. Rock in great quantities would be needed; cars must be rushed in to the break. He urged the importance of clenching the issue.

"If it's not won this time, it's a lost cause," he maintained. "If it cuts a deeper gorge, the Imperial valley is a chimera; so is Laguna dam."

The other men were drawn into the argument. Babcock leaned toward Hardin's conservation. MacLean was judicial. Estrada upheld Rickard. The spur-track, in his opinion, was essential to success. Hardin could see the meeting managed between the newcomer and the Mexican, and his anger impotently raged. His temper made him incoherent. He could see Rickard,

cool and impersonal, adding to his points, and MacLean slowly won to the stronger side. Hardin, on his feet again, was spluttering helplessly at Babcock, when Rickard called for a vote. The appropriation was carried. Hardin's face was swollen with rage.

Rickard then called for a report on the clam-shell dredge being rushed at Yuma. Where was the machinery? Was it not to have been finished in February?

"Why not get the machinery here? What's the use of taking chances?" demanded Rickard.

Hardin felt the personal implication. He was on his feet in a second. "There are no chances." He looked at MacLean. "The machinery's done. It's no use getting it here until we're ready."

"There are always chances," interrupted his opponent coolly. "We are going to take none. I want Mr. Hardin, gentlemen, appointed a committee of one to see that the machinery is delivered at once, and the dredge rushed."

The working force was informally discussed. Hardin said they could depend on hobo labor. Rickard agreed that they would find such help, but it would not do to rely on it. The big sewer system of New Orleans was about completed; he had planned to write there, stating the need. And there was a man in Zacatecas, named Porter—

"Frank Porter?" sneered Hardin, "that—murderer?"

"His brother," Rickard answered pleasantly. "Jim furnishes the men for the big mines in Sonora and Sinaloa. He'll send us all the labor we



Instantly Hardin Was on His Feet.

want, the best for our purpose. When it gets red-hot, there's no one like a peon or an Indian."

"You'll be infringing on the international contract law," suggested MacLean.

"No. The camp is on the Mexican side," laughed Casey. "I'd thought of that. We'll have them shipped to the nearest Mexican point, and then brought to the border. Mr. Estrada will help us."

The meeting had already adjourned. They were standing around the flat-top desk. Estrada invited them all to lunch with him, in the car on the siding. MacLean said that he had to get back to Los Angeles. Mr. Babcock was going to take him out to Grant's Heading in the machine. He had never been there. They had breakfasted later. He looked very much the colonel to Rickard, his full chest and stiff carriage made more military by his trim uniform of khaki-colored cloth.

"May I speak to you about your boy, Mr. MacLean?"

Hardin caught a slight that was not intended. He pushed past the group at the door without civility or ceremony.

The steady grave eyes of the big frame looked at Rickard inquiringly.

"He wants to stay out another year. I hope you will let him. It's not disinterested. I shall have to take a stenographer to the Heading this summer. There is a girl here; I couldn't take her, and then, too, I'm old-fashioned; I don't like women in offices. My position promises to be a peculiar one. I'd like to have your son to rely on for emergencies a stenographer could not cover."

MacLean's grave features relaxed as he looked down on the engineer, who was no small man himself, and suggested that his son was not very well up in stenography.

"That's the least of it."

"I hope that he will make a good stenographer! Good morning, gentlemen."

At table, neither Estrada nor his guest uncovered their active thought which revolved around Hardin and his hurt. Instead, Rickard had questions to ask his host on river history. As they talked, it came to him that something was amiss—Estrada was accurate; he had all his facts. Was it enthusiasm, sympathy, he lacked? Presently he challenged him with it.

Estrada's eyes dreamed out of the window, followed the gorge of the New river, as though out there, somewhere, the answer hovered.

"Do you mean, do you doubt it?" exclaimed Rickard, watching the melancholy in the beautiful eyes.

Estrada shook his head, but without decision. "Nothing you'd not laugh at. I can laugh at it myself, sometimes."

Rickard waited, not sure that anything more was coming. The Mexican's dark eyes were troubled; a puzzle brooded in them. "It's a purely negative sense that I've had, since I was a child. Something fails between me and a plan. If I said it was a veil, it would be something!" His voice fell

to a ghost of tunelessness. "And it's nothing. A blank—I know then it's not going to happen. It is terribly final! It's happened, often. Now, I wait for that—veil. When it falls, I know what it means."

"And you have had that—sense about this river business?"

Estrada turned his pensive gaze on the American. "Yes, often. I thought, after father's death, that that was what it meant. But it came again. It kept coming. I had it while you were all talking, just now. I don't speak of this. It sounds chicken-hearted. And I'm in this with all my soul—my father—I couldn't do it any other way, but—"

"You think we are going to fail?"

"I can't see it finished," was Estrada's mournful answer. He turned again to stare out of the window.

"Who are the river men in the valley?" demanded the newcomer. "I want to meet them, to talk to them."

"Cor'nel, he's an Indian. He's worth talking to. He knows its history, its legends. Perhaps some of it is history."

"Where's he to be found?"

"You'll run across him! Whenever anything's up, he is on hand. He senses it. And then there's Matt Hamlin."

"I'll see him, of course. Has he been up the river?"

"No, but I'll tell you two who have. Maldonado, a half-breed, who lives some twenty miles down the river from Hamlin's. He knows the Gila as though he were pure Indian. The Gila's tricky! Maldonado's grandfather was a trapper, his great-grandfather, they say, a priest. The women were all Indian. He's smart. Smart and bad."

Estrada's Japanese servant came back into the car to offer tea, freshly iced.

"That's what I want, smart river men, not tea!" laughed Rickard. "I want river history."

"There's another man you ought to meet. He was with the second Powell expedition. He's written the best book on the river. He knows it, if any man does. You wanted these maps." Estrada was gathering them together.

"Thank you. And you can just strangle that foreboding of yours, Mr. Estrada. For I tell you, we're going to govern that river!"

Estrada's pensive smile followed the dancing step of the engineer until it carried him out of sight. Perhaps? Because he was the son of his father, he must work as hard as if conviction went with him, as if success awaited at the other end of the long road. But it was not going to be. He would never see that river shackled—

CHAPTER VII.

A Garden in a Desert.

His dwelling leaped into sight as Hardin turned the corner of the street. There was but one street running through the twin towns, flanked by the ditches of running water. The rest were ditches of running water edged by footpaths. Scowling, he passed under the overhanging bird cages of the Desert hotel without a greeting for the loungers, whose chairs were drawn up against the shade of the brick walls. The momentum slackened as Hardin neared the place he called his home. An inner tenderness diluted the sneer that disfigured his face. He could see Innes as she moved around in the little fenced-in strip that surrounded her desert tent. She insisted on calling it a garden, in spite of his raillery.

"Gerty's in bed, I suppose," thought Tom. He had a sudden vivid picture of her accusing martyrdom. His mouth hardened again. Innes, stooping over a rose, passed out of his vision.

It came to Hardin suddenly that a man has made a circle of failure when he dreads going to his office and shrinks from the reproaches at home. "A 'has-been' at forty!" he mused. Where were all his ships drifting?

Innes, straightening, waved a gay hand.

"She's raising a goodly crop of barrels." His thought mocked and caressed her. Her garden devotion was a tender joke with him. He loved the Hardin trait in her, the persistence which will not be daunted. An occupation with a Hardin was a dedication. He would not acknowledge the Innes blood in her. Like that fancy mother of hers? Innes was a Hardin through and through!

"It's in the blood," ran his thought. "She can't help it. All the Hardins work that way. The Hardins always make fools of themselves!"

Innes, lifting her eyes from a crippled rose, saw that the black devils were consoling him again.

"Will you look at this wreck!" she cried.

Innes Hardin feels a bitter resentment against Rickard because of his supplanting her brother, whom she loves devotedly. Gerty's emotions are of a different character, but she carefully conceals them. Storms hover over the Hardin household. Watch for the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Unskilled Labor.

A man never realizes what the term "unskilled labor" can mean until he boldly volunteers to repair the water faucets and take down the screen doors.—Washington Star.

Oldest Known Element.

Sulphur is one of the oldest known elements; the ancient Assyrian alchemists regarded it as the principle of combustion and termed it "brimstone," literally burning stone.

The THIRTEENTH COMMANDMENT.

BY
RUPERT HUGHES

CHAPTER XVIII.

Daphne scuttled for the subway as a fugitive rabbit to its burrow. But she was not a rabbit and she felt suffocated in the tunnel. She could not endure to be quiet in the presence of so many goggle eyes like aligned buttons. She left the train at the next station and walked rapidly to Fifth avenue, and up it homeward.

She walked rapidly for the comfort of the restlessness, but there was no comfortable destination ahead of her. She found Mrs. Chevris at home with her disconsolate husband. Daphne dared not tell them just yet that she had lost her place. She would tell them when she got another one. For fear that they might ask why she was home so early, she went down to Bayard's apartment.

She wanted to tell Bayard and Leila what had happened. It was safe, she felt sure. Bayard would never attack Gerst. He would be more likely to rail at Daphne for bringing the trouble on herself.

Leila let her in at the door, but she was in a militant humor. She said, "Hello!" grimly and stepped back for Daphne to enter. Daphne found Bayard still aglow with interrupted quarrel. He said, "Hello!" with a dismal connotation.

"What do you suppose that brother of yours orders me to do now?" said Leila, whirling Daphne toward her.

"I can't imagine," said Daphne, incredulous of Bayard's ordering Leila to do anything.

"He wants me to go to Dutilh and put up a poor mouth and humiliate myself."

Bayard snatched Daphne to him and stormed: "She bought the clothes, didn't she, without consulting me? She wouldn't send 'em back as you did yours; she wore 'em out, paraded 'em before other men there in Newport while I was slaving here. And now that Dutilh insists on money that I haven't got, and can't get, she won't even go explain it to him. That's all I ask her—to explain it to him and ask him to be patient so that I won't be sued. I can't stand that. I've had every other calamity but I've never been sued for debt. I ask Leila to go tell him about my hard luck and my fine prospects—play fair with him—and with me. But will she do it? No! She won't do anything for me."

Daphne was swayed by his emotion. She pleaded: "Why don't you, Leila? You have such winning ways. I'll go with you."

Leila hesitated, then answered by taking up her hat and slapping it on her head. She paused, took it off again, and went to her room, unhooking her gown as she went; she knew that in asking favors one should wear one's best appearances.

Bayard grumbled, "How are you getting along at your office?" Daphne felt unable to intrude her own troubles on his. She shrugged her shoulders. It is a kind of white lie, she shrug.

"Hang on to your job as long as you can, old girl, for you'll have to support us all, I guess. You're the only one of us that can get a job or earn a cent. That's the advantage of being a pretty girl."

Daphne was almost moved to tell him some of the disadvantages of being a pretty girl, but she felt that the time was unfit for exploiting her own woes. She ached for some one to disclose them to, but she withheld them.

Leila came in, arrayed in her very finest. She was smiling in the contentment of beauty at its best. "When you ask credit you've got to look as if you didn't need it," she said.

They found Dutilh in a state of unusual excitement and exhaustion. There were few customers in his place and he left them to the other salespeople. He advanced on Leila and Daphne and gave a hand to each.

"Why, oh why in the name of Paul Poirot didn't you come in a week ago? The pirates have taken every decent gown I had. The sewing women are working like mad to reproduce 'em, but there's nothing left fit to show, except to Pittsburgh and Plattsburg tourists. Where did you get that awful rag you have on?"

"Here," said Leila.

"Oh, of course, I remember. It's beautiful. Sit down. I'm dead. Have a cigarette? Have a cup of tea? Oh, Miss Galvey—tea for three, please. I didn't forget either of you when I was in Paris. I have a siren gown for you, Mrs. Kip, that will break your heart with joy. You'd murder to get it. And as for you, Miss Kip—well, you'll simply be indecently demure in the one I call 'Innocence.'"

Daphne was a trifle shocked, but Leila's eyes filled with tears at the mockery of such talk. She moaned: "I didn't come to buy. I came to apologize and beg for mercy. I owe you a lot of money, and I haven't a cent."

"Who has? What of it? Nobody's paying anybody."

"But I had an urgent letter from your bookkeeper, or somebody."

"Don't mind her. She gets excited. Nobody pays me. You come in and get another gown and you'll catch a millionaire with it."

It was hard for Dutilh to keep his clients clear in his memory.

"But I can't afford it."

"And I can't afford to have my children going round in last year's rags. You do as you're told and come around next week. I'll get my money out of you some day. Trust me for that."

Leila felt a rapturous desire to kiss him and call him names of gratitude. He was generous by impulse and patient, and nobody's fool at that. The thoughts of tailors are long, long thoughts.

Daphne sat thinking, but not of clothes. The labor problem had almost defeminized her. She was studying the models as they lounged about the shop. Suddenly she spoke, "Oh, Mr. Dutilh, how much money does a model earn?"

"You mean what salary do I pay? Common clothes-horses get fifteen or sixteen dollars. Better looking get better pay. You're worth a thousand a week at least. Want a job?"

"Yes."

His smile was quenched. He studied her across his cup. He saw the anxiety in her curiosity.

"What's the matter?" he said. "Has he run off with another girl, or do you expect to go fishing for a millionaire in my pond?"

"I need the money. I've had hard luck," Daphne said so solemnly that he grew solemn, too.

"That's too bad! Well, I've got more girls now than I need. Nobody as beautiful as you, of course, but—I suppose I could let some one go."

"Oh, I couldn't think of that!"

"Neither could I. Well, I'll squeeze you in somewhere. But I can't pay you as much as you are worth. Would—um—twenty dollars a week interest you?"

"It would fascinate me."

"All right, you're engaged. You can begin next Monday." He turned to Leila. "Do you want a job, too?"

"No, thank you!" Leila snapped. Her eyes were blacker than ever with rage, and her red-white cheeks curdled with shame. She could not trust herself to speak. Her brunette beauty had the threat of a storm-laden thundercloud.

When she and Daphne had taken their departure, Leila still dared not speak to Daphne on the way home. She dared not speak to her at all.

Leila brought triumph to Bayard. She told him what Dutilh had told her of his willingness to wait for his money.

Bayard embraced Leila and hailed her as an angel. When she had taken full toll of her success, she told Bay-

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ard what Daphne had taken their departure, Leila still dared not speak to Daphne on the way home. She dared not speak to her at all.

"Show me."

Clay Wimburn came in after dinner. His protests against Daphne's project were louder than Bayard's, with the added rancor of jealousy. But he had no substitute to offer.

She forebore to tell him of the Gerst affair. He was deep enough in the mire. He went away a little later and she returned to her cubbyhole with the Chivvies.

Those were black days for all America, suffering under the backfire from the sudden war and from the long fatigue of hard times. There were weeks of dread lest the United States be sucked into the maelstrom at a time when it was least prepared in money, arms, or spirit. Never, perhaps, in human chronicle had so many people looked with such bewildered misery on so many people locked in such multifarious carnage.

At such a time, as in an epoch of plague, there came a desperate need of a respite from war; soldiers danced in trenches; war widows larked in gay colors; festivals were held in the name of charity; frivolities and vices were resorted to that good souls might renew themselves for the awful work before them.

It was in such a mood of imperative demand for cheer of some sort that Tom Duane swam back into Daphne's gloomy sky.

Daphne had come home after a morning of rebuffs. She was heart-sore and footsore, in shabby boots that she could not replace. She was called to the telephone, and Duane's voice chanted in her ear with a tone of peculiarly comforting melancholy.

"That you, Miss Kip? This is me, Mr. Duane. Poor Tom Duane. Poor Tom's a-cold. I came back to town unexpectedly early. I have something important to say to you. Will you take a little ride with me in my car?"

"Why not?" she said, with a laugh. She was glad that he could not see the tears that gushed across her eyelids.

"Three cheers for you! I'll be there in a jiffy. You couldn't arrange to dine with me, could you? Or could you?"

Again she answered, "Why not?" Duane's voice rang back: "Tip-top! You've made me happy as a box of pups. I'm half-way there already."

CHAPTER XIX.

When Duane came up to the door he greeted her with the beaming joyousness of a rising sun. He praised her and thanked her for lending him her time. The elevator that took their bodies down took her spirits up. She noted that he had not brought his big car with his chauffeur. He stowed her into a powerful roadster built for two. But she had no inclination to protest. The car caught them away and they sped through Central park with lyrical, with dithyrambic, sweep.

"The treat—how wonderful they are!" she cried.

They had been wonderful for weeks, but she had thought them dismal.

"They're nothing to what they are in Westchester," said Duane. "We're going to have a look at them and dine up there somewhere."

"Are we?" was all she said.

And he said, "We are."

After they left the park and re-entered the hard streets she found the courage to remind him: "But you said you had something important to tell me. What was it?"

"Miss Kip, you've played the very devil with me. I thought I was immune to the love germ, but—well, I told you the truth about going abroad to shake off the fever—the fever—the Daphnitis that attacked me. But I couldn't get you out of my mind for long, or out of my heart at all. I'm a sick man, Miss Kip, a lovesick man."

"Mr. Duane, you mustn't—I can't allow you—really!"

"Oh, yes, you can!" he said, and sent the car ahead with a plunge. "You're going to listen to me for once. You can't help yourself. I'm not going to hurt you. I just want you to help me a little. I went up in the Berkshires and tried to get my sanity back, but I couldn't! I couldn't even play golf—or cards—or drink. People drive me crazy. I can't get interested in anything or anybody but you."

"Mr. Duane, please—You oughtn't to—I beg you. I have no right—"

"Oh, I know you're engaged to Clay Wimburn. He's a nice kid. I'm not one-two-three with him. I'm not trying to cut him out—I couldn't if I would. I like him. I'd like to help him, and your brother, too. I don't mean to be impertinent, either; but—well, the main thing is, I want to beg you to let me see you once in a while."

"I want to take you out riding and dining and dancing—and you can take Wimburn along if you've got to, but I want you to save my life somehow. And, by the Lord Harry! I think it will save yours. You don't look well, my dear—Miss Kip. It breaks my heart to see it. No, I don't believe you're getting as much fun out of life as you ought to. There isn't much fun in the world any more, but what little's left is very precious, and I want you to get all that's going. Won't you let me help you go after it? Won't you?"

Daphne was swung up to a height that commanded a vast reach of the Hudson. Between its banks it seemed to be a river of wine. The western sky was like a forest of autumn leaves with the last sad red pitifully beautiful, since it must turn so soon to rust.

In a spirit of haste the fleetly spinning wheels murmured, "Why not, why not, why not, why not, why not?"

Before the sunset had quite relinquished the sky the moon was over the horizon—the harvest moon, huge and close and of a meditative meanness. It paled and dwindled as it climbed, but its power seemed to grow.

It left Daphne more alone with

Duane, a little afraid of him and of the gloaming. They emerged above the chain of Croton lakes and ran across the big dam and wound along the shore, crossing iron bridge after iron bridge, till they came to a little roadside inn whose lights had a yellow warmth.

"We're stopping here for dinner, if you don't mind," said Duane.

Daphne was a trifle ill at ease, but she was hungry, too, and the adventure was exhilarating. There were not many people at the tables, and they were of an adventurous cast as well.

When Duane had given his order he asked Daphne if she would join the rest of the diners who had left their chairs to fox-trot. She shook her head and he did not urge her.

But by the time their dinner was served and eaten the nagging, interminable music had played away nearly all her scruples.

When Duane looked at her with an appealing smile, she smiled back, nodded and rose. He leaped to his feet and took her in his arms.

Somehow, it was not mere dancing now. He had told her that he loved her. There was in his embrace an eagerness that was full of deference, but full of delight as well. After all, she was alone with him in a company that seemed not to be very respectable, and was growing less so every hour.

Her feet and all her limbs and every muscle of her reveled in the gambol.

He could imagine her pretty head, but her heart and mind and conscience were troubling her till she stopped short at last and said:

"I'm sorry, but I—I'd rather not dance any more—here."

Duane paused in a moment's chagrin. Then he sighed: "All right."

They retreated to their table, and he looked at her sadly, and she sadly at him. Then he seemed to like her even better than before, and he said, with a very tender smile:

"Want to go home?"

"If you don't mind."

When they came out upon the veranda of the hotel the lake was a vast charger of frosted silver among the hills. They stood admiring it for a moment and the music from the hotel seemed to come from another world. He helped her into the car and they whisked away southerly.

He returned to the road along the Hudson, and it was so beautiful in the moonlight that it seemed a pity to hurry through the wonderland at such speed. And what was she going back to that she should be in such haste?

She hinted as much to Duane, and he bettered the suggestion. Not only did he check the speed, but at one wooded cliffside with a vista of peculiar majesty he wheeled out of the road and stopped the car, shut down the chattering engine and turned off the strenuous lights.

They sat utterly content till Duane shook off the blissful stupor. They could not stay here thus forever. They could not stay much longer. It was growing cold and late.

He did not dare to look at Daphne. He did not quite need to. He could imagine her pretty head and the drowsy, adorable eyes, the lips pursed with childish solemnity, the throat stem in the urn contour of her shoulders, the vase-like curves of her young torso. He imagined these from memory, for they now were swaddled in a thick motorcoat. But without turning his head he could see her little hands clasped idly at her knees, the little gloves turned back at the wrist. He thought that he would like to take them in his—he would like to take all of her in his arms, into his heart, into his keeping.

Yet he did not want to marry her. He did not admire marriage in its results as he saw them in other people. Like many another, he cherished wicked ideals because the everyday virtues worked out so imperfectly, so unacceptably.

Daphne was musing almost as vaguely. On the river a yacht at anchor poised like a swan asleep. She would like to own a yacht. On the opposite side of the river along the road she could see motorcars like inquisitive crickets with gleaming eyes and feelers of light. She would like to own a motor or two.

If she were the wife of as rich a man as this man at her side, how quickly she could help her father and Bayard and the wretched victims of the massacre in Europe and so many people—yes, and even Clay, poor, dear, hopeless, helpless Clay Wimburn, to whom she had brought noth-

ing but expense of money and heart-ache and torture.

Suddenly but quietly upon this current of her thoughts a thought of Duane's was launched like a skiff congenial to the tide. He spoke almost as softly as a thought, at first with a quaint shock such as a boat makes, launched.

"How often do you go to church?" he said, whimsically.

"Why—never. I'm afraid," she gasped in surprise.

"You were planning to be married in church?"

"Such funny questions! Yes, of course."

"Why?"

"Oh, it wouldn't be nice not to."

"You don't believe in divorce, then?"

"Oh yes—yes, indeed—if people don't get along together. I think it's wicked for people to live together if they don't love each other."

"It's love, then, that makes marriage sacred?"

"Yes, yes, indeed! Of course!"

"Is it all right for two people who are not Christians to live together according to their creeds?"

"How do you mean?"

"Well, the people who lived before there were any Christians—or people who never heard of Christianity—was it all right for them to marry?"

"Of course."

"It's not any one formula, then, that makes marriage all right?"

"Of course not, it's the—the—"

"The love?"

"I think so. It's hard to explain."

"Everything is, isn't it?"

"Terribly."

There was more silence. He took a cigar from his pocket, held it before her for permission. She said, "Please." He struck a match. She glanced at his face in the little lime-light of the match. It was very handsome. A pearl of drowsy luster gleamed in the soft folds of his tie. The hands sheltering the match were splendid hands.

She watched the cigar fire glow and fade and the little turbulent smoke veils float into the air and die. One of them formed a wreath, a strange, frail, writhing circlet of blue filaments. It drifted past her and she put her finger into it—her ring-finger by some womanly instinct.

"Now you're married to me," said Duane.

There was a sudden movement of his hands as if to seize upon her. She recoiled a little; his hands did not pursue her. They went back to the steering wheel and clung to it fiercely. She turned from his eyes, but he gazed at her cheek, and she could feel the blood stirring there in a blush.

"If you loved me, would you marry me?" he said.

"I—I love— I'm going to marry— somebody else."

"When?"

"Some day."

"If you're not happy with him, will you leave him?"

"Oh, but I'll be happy with him."

"So many people have said that! You've seen how seldom it worked. If you ceased to love him, or he you, would you leave him?"

"If it is a large order. Maybe."

"Wouldn't it be wiser if two people who thought they loved could live together for a while before they married?"

She felt her muscles set as if she would rise and run away from such words. "Mr. Duane! I don't think it's nice even to be talking of such things. Besides, it's growing late."

"It's not so late as it would be if you married a man and found that your marriage was a ghastly mistake."

"Haven't we better start back?"

"Please don't leave me just yet. This is very solemn to me. I've been studying you a long time, trying to get you out of my mind, and only getting you deeper in my heart. I love you."

"I don't believe it."

"I know it."

"Then you oughtn't to tell me."

"Not tell a woman you love her? Not try to save her from wrecking her life and my own?"

"How wrecking my—her life?"

"I believe that if you marry Clay Wimburn you'll be unhappy. He can't give you a home. He can't buy you clothes. He can't support you."

"That's not his fault, just now—with the hard times and the war. Please let's go home."

"To my home?"

That insolence was too appalling to answer, or even to gasp at, or protest against. It stunned her. He took advantage of her daze to explain, hurriedly:

"You're not going to be one of those silly, old-fashioned idiot girls that a man can't talk to earnestly and frankly, are you now? Of course you're not. You're not one of those poor things whose virtue consists in being insulted every time anyone appeals to their intelligence, are you? No, you're a fine, brave soul, and you want to know the truth about truth, and so do I."

"I'm a decent enough fellow at heart. I want to do the right thing and live squarely as well as the next fellow. I've got a sense of honor, too, of a sort, and I take life pretty seriously."

"I tell you, the world is all turned topsy-turvy the last few years. The old rules don't rule. They never did, but people pretended to believe in 'em. Now we're not so afraid of the truth in science or history or religion or anything. We want to know the truth and live by it."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Way Out.

If a man or a machine is unable to accomplish a task it should be turned over to a woman and a hairpin.—London Answers.

Weekly Health Talks

A Single Remedy Often Cures Many Diseases

BY VALENTINE MOTT, M. D.

It is almost impossible to give a list of the endless diseases that follow indigestion. Perhaps a whole column in this newspaper would be required to print them all. You eat to keep alive—to supply blood and flesh and bone and muscle and brain. It is easy to see that if your food is not digested and taken up by the delicate organs and distributed where it is needed, a disease of some sort is sure to come. Dyspepsia is a common symptom, and so are liver complaint, loss of flesh, nervousness, bad memory, dizziness, sleeplessness, no appetite. Many times, when neglected, indigestion results in coughs, throat diseases, catarrh, bronchitis and even more dangerous things. And all these disorders arise because the food is not properly digested in the stomach. It is plain even to a child that relief and cure are to be had only by setting up a healthy condition in the stomach. Dr. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., many years ago combined a number of vegetable growths into a temperance remedy for indigestion, and called it Golden Medical Discovery. It is probably the most efficacious discovery ever made in medicine, for the list of people all over the world who have had their countless ills overcome by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes an amazing total of thousands.

I know of no advice better than this: Begin a home treatment today with this good vegetable medicine. It will show you better than I can tell you what it will do. When taking Golden Medical Discovery, you can rest assured of one very important thing—it contains neither alcohol nor opiates. There is nothing in it but standard roots and herbs that possess curative properties of a high order. A safe medicine is the only kind you can afford to take.

FORMULAS: Soap 25 a pound; formula for Pain 25 a pound; formula for ORIEL SUPPLY, 2635 Park, Saint Louis

Had Heard Her Before.

"Doesn't her singing move you?"

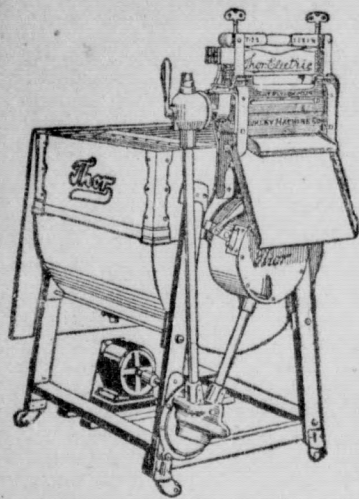
"It did once, when I lived in the adjoining flat."

Freshen a Heavy Skin

With the antiseptic, fascinating Cuticura Talcum Powder, an exquisitely scented convenient, economical face, skin, baby and dusting powder and perfume. Renders other perfumes superfluous. One of the Cuticura Toilet Trio (Soap, Ointment, Talcum).—Adv.

A good many people long to be rich who don't know how to spend what they have properly.

Clothes Lasts Six Times Longer



Proved by actual test! Clothes do last six times longer when they are washed in the

THOR ELECTRIC WASHING MACHINE

than when they are washed by hand.

Just as long as you continue to rub those delicate fabrics on the washboard they are going to wear out more quickly than they should.

PHONE US FOR DEMONSTRATION

Sierra Madre Electric Co.

G. I. FARMAN, Manager

SIERRA MADRE NEWS

J. F. WHITING, Editor and Publisher

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Sierra Madre, Cal.

Subscription \$2.00, Yearly in Advance Six months \$1.00

Three Months .50

Paper Stopped at Expiration.

Telephone - - - Black 42

The ladies of St. Rita's Church will hold a social entertainment at the Woman's Club house a week from Monday night, April 21. Cards, music and refreshments.

Fifty cents will be paid to the first person who calls at the News office and shows us where, in an advertisement in this paper, by reading backwards, the words are "call clothed properly."

The Wistaria fete was well attended yesterday afternoon and evening (Sierra Madre day) and the musical program was enjoyed by all. The band began their concert at 7 p. m. and continued for an hour, their numbers being interspersed with instrumental and vocal solos. Especial appreciation was shown to the Saxophone solo by George B. Morgridge and the vocal number by Miss Helen Sadler.

GARDENING

If men of words, not of deeds,
As, long since, we were taught;
Are like to gardens full of weeds,
It brings to me this thought—

If I said a word for every weed,
(That's, words I feel like sayin');
To balance up, by worthy deed,
Would need a lot o' prayin'
—A. L. SORAN.

CITY NURSE'S REPORT FOR THE MONTH OF MARCH

Number of house fumigated.....	11
Porches sprayed.....	2
Employment given.....	32
Tramps clothed.....	1
Yards ordered cleaned.....	4
Bouquets given.....	72
Literature given.....	11
Booklet on Tuberculosis and City Ordinance given.....	9
Baths given.....	1
Donations received (not money).....	96
Donations given.....	100
Calls—	
Business.....	215
Benevolent.....	219
Sick.....	154
School.....	67
Sanitary.....	12
Emergency.....	9
Instruction in health and sanitation 17	
Cost of fumigation.....	\$1500
Collected for fumigating.....	10.75
Balance due for fumigating.....	3.25
Benevolent money received.....	23.00
Benevolent money given.....	7.66
Laura H. Stevenson Trustee account	
Received.....	\$16.75
Expense.....	12.00
Expense to city.....	1.00
K. Brewington, City Nurse.	

TRADE AT HOME

And let J. D. Tucker do your Painting, Tinting and Decorating, Fine Interior Finish Work and all kinds of Sign Painting, Gilding, etc.

J. D. TUCKER, Painting Contractor
Established in Sierra Madre in 1888
Phone Green 80 Residence 111 Suffolk Ave.

HAVE A—

Wistaria Vine

OF YOUR OWN!

Rapid Growing
Easy Culture
Very Ornamental

Fine Grafted Plants 75c to \$2.00 each

TOMATO PLANTS—Stone, Ponderosa, Beefsteak. Now ready for Planting.

Phone Your Wants

We Deliver

Irving N. Ward Nursery

Phone Blue 29.

Mt. Trail and Laurel Ave.

from the Cross." Every one cordially invited to these Holy-week services.

Special Music

The Episcopal church is especially fortunate in securing for this Sunday some special music. During the morning service "Jerusalem" by Henry Parker will be sung by Mrs. James Hawks, contralto, while the ever popular and appropriate "Palms" will be played on the pipe organ by Miss Frances Webster. At the evening services, Mrs. Will Anders of Olympia, Wash., who is making a short stay in Sierra Madre, will sing "King Ever Glorious," from Stainer's "Crucifixion." Mrs. Anders is the possessor of a brilliant soprano voice especially suited to oratoria and church work, having studied at Oberlin Conservatory, and during the past ten years, director and soloist of St. John's Episcopal choir of Olympia.

Reception for Rector

Plans are consummated by the Woman's Guild of the Episcopal church for a reception to be tendered Rev. and Mrs. Shaw and family on the evening of April 24th at the Woman's Club house. A general and cordial invitation is extended not only to members and friends of the Episcopal church, but to those of the community who are interested in thus having the opportunity of personally meeting in an informal way the rector and his family.

Congregational

"A Community Church"
Chas. C. Wilson, Minister

Palm Sunday—Sunday school at 9:45 a. m.; 11 a. m. "The White Communion," 8 p. m. "The Guns of Freedom." Special music by chorus and soloists.

Bethany

Rev. H. J. Baldwin, Pastor

Sunday Services: Sunday school at 9:45 a. m. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting, Wednesday 7:30 p. m.

Sermon for little men and women, "Habit," Sermon "Unconditional Surrender." The regular communion service postponed from last week will be held Sunday morning, April 13th. The Sunday evening service will be a song service. Those enjoying singing will appreciate these monthly song services. Subject of the Sunday evening sermon "The Moral and Religious Man."

Woman's Bible Class

Meets each Friday at 2:15 p. m. at residence of Mrs. M. O. Downs, 71 Victoria Lane. All women welcome.

Christian Science Society

Christian Science Society of Sierra Madre holds services in the Woman's Club House, Sunday at 11 a. m. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Testimony meeting, Wednesday, 8 o'clock p. m.

NOTICE OR SALE OF REAL ESTATE UNDER EXECUTION

Sheriff's Sale

No. B56268

Hare, Plaintiff,

vs.

Griswold, et al., Defendants.

By virtue of an execution issued out of the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, State of California, wherein G. A. Hare, plaintiff, and Walter H. Griswold and Laura M. Griswold, defendants, upon a judgment rendered the 4th day of February, A. D. 1918 for the sum of Five thousand one and no-100 (\$5001.00) Dollars lawful money of the United States, besides costs and interest, I have levied upon all the right, title, claim and interest of said defendants, Walter H. Griswold and Laura M. Griswold of, in and to the following described real estate, situate in the County of Los Angeles, State of California, and bounded and described as follows:

Lot commencing at the southeasterly corner of lot thirty-four (34) thence northwesterly one hundred and forty-five and eight-tenths feet (145.8) to the northeasterly corner of said lot, thence westerly to a point on the northerly line of said lot twenty-nine and ninety-three one hundredths feet (29.93), thence southeasterly to a point on the southerly line of said lot sixty-five and thirteen one hundredths feet (65.13) westerly from the southeast corner thereof, thence easterly along the southerly line of said lot sixty-five and thirteen one hundredths feet (65.13) to the place of beginning, the same being part of lot thirty-four (34) in Los Flores Slope, as per map thereof recorded in book ten (10) of maps at page 181 of records of Los Angeles county, California.

Public Notice is Hereby Given, That I will, on Tuesday the 6th day of May, A. D. 1919 at 12 o'clock M. or that day, in front of the Court House door of the County of Los Angeles, Broadway entrance, sell at public auction, for lawful money of the United States, all the right, title, claim and interest of said defendants of, in and to the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to raise sufficient to satisfy said Judgment, with interest and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder.

Dated this 10th day of April, 1919.
JNO. C. CLINE,
Sheriff of Los Angeles County.
By W. T. Osterholt, Deputy Sheriff.
W. N. Gilliam, Plaintiff's Attorney.

TENTH ANNIVERSARY!

Saturday, April 12, 1919

To celebrate my Tenth Year as Owner and Manager of the

Central Market

I WILL DISCOUNT every dollar

10 %

spent in this store Saturday

Thanking you kindly for your patronage the past Ten Years

M. D. WELSHER

ADVANCE OFFER ON PALM OLIVE GOODS

We are prepared to give you 4 BARS Palm Olive Soap, 1 JAR Palm Olive Cold Cream and 1 BOX Palm Olive Face Powder, Value \$1.40 for ONLY 89c. A limited number only.

Christopher's Ice Cream

THE SIERRA MADRE PHARMACY

F. H. HARTMAN & SON

25 N. BALDWIN AVE.

PHONE BLACK 25

W. F. HATFIELD THE OLD RELIABLE Realty and Insurance Broker

Still Doing Business at the Old Stand

REPRESENTING

The Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company

Writing Insurance For

Life, Sickness, or Accident, Single and Combination Policies for Men and Women

Fire and Automobile Insurance. Employers Liability Insurance

Commissioned Notary Public. W. F. HATFIELD 144 North Mountain Trail

MILLION DOLLAR

RANCH SALE

Beginning Saturday, April 12

Leffingwell Lemon Grove

NEAR WHITTIER

At Wholesale Prices

To Experienced Citrus Ranchers, Who Know Orchard Values:

On Saturday, April 12th, there will be offered for sale the famous Leffingwell rancho, near Whittier. The ranch will be sold in five, ten, twenty-acre sub-divisions. Entire holdings of 310 acres of lemons placed on the market. Best producing acreage to be found in Southern California. CROP RETURN FOR YEAR 1918 OVER \$400,000. Situated in a district with superiority unquestioned by the most critical citrus experts. Orchards possessing acreage records over long periods. No orchard or group of orchards in State has had more intensive, liberal, scientific care. This great, full-bearing orchard in its prime is offered for sale.

Purchasers will be given the benefits of a wonderful cooperative organization and established markets and famous Leffingwell brands. If desired, care of orchards provided for by present Leffingwell experts.

Purchasers making deposits by April 12th will be given priority, everything else being equal, over those making later deposits.

Responsible parties interested will be shown property by appointment previous to opening day. Representatives of this office will be on the property Wednesday, April 9th, and after.

Parties interested immediately see or correspond with the office of

Edwin G. Hart, Exclusive Sales Manager

729-731 Van Nuys Bldg., Los Angeles.

Phone Main 2606

TODAY AND TOMORROW WE DEMONSTRATE

Makaka Pancake Flour

COME IN AND TASTE THE DELICIOUS HOT CAKES

SPECIAL PRICES FOR SATURDAY ONLY

GRAHAM CRACKERS, just fresh from the oven, per pound18c
GOLDEN AGE MACARONI, 3 pkgs.20c
WANLUTS, unbleached, pound30c
BAKING SODA, 2 pounds15c

"Cash Beats Credit"

Sierra Madre Department Store

S. R. NORRIS, Prop.
Phone Black 12 291 W. Central Ave.

"Build the City—Trade Here"

ANDREWS & HAWKS

Real Estate, Loans and Insurance

Exchange 2
27 North Baldwin Avenue



Deliveries on Signed Orders

Sierra Madre Garage

MILTON STEINBERGER, Prop.

A HOME BAKERY

I WISH TO INFORM THE PUBLIC THAT I HAVE INSTALLED A
HOME BAKERY

IN SIERRA MADRE AND WILL DEAL DIRECT WITH THE PUBLIC AND GIVE IT THE BENEFIT OF SAVING TWO OR THREE PROFITS. I GIVE YOU YEARS OF EXPERIENCE AND SANITARY BAKING AT A

Reduced Cost

YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

JOE HUTTNER

REAR OF BERBEINS' STORE.

LOCAL ITEMS

Mr. and Mrs. A. Paton of Ypsel-
ante, Mich., visited here last week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Lias, of Pasadena, visited friends here Friday.

The M. D. Welsher store celebrates
its tenth anniversary tomorrow.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Whitson, of
Brookshire, Mass., are temporary residents here.

H. A. Binford, who has been ill for
three weeks with stomach trouble, is now convalescing.

Miss Ella Shepard Bush gave a talk
on "Yorish Art" before the Pasadena
Browning Club last Thursday.

Mr. H. J. Baldwin was in Long
Beach Wednesday and Thursday at-
tending the spring meeting of the
Presbytery.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Badger, of Aus-
tralia, and Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Bad-
ger of Appleton, Wis., were here the
last of the last week.

H. T. Bassett has purchased the
Sierra Madre Inn and after altera-
tions and repairs will occupy the prop-
erty the last of the month.

Miss Thelma Stovall of Hollywood
was the week-end guest of Mrs. Pal-
mer Rhodes enjoying the Friday even-
ing dance at the club house.

Mrs. Paul Baugh and son, Robert,
returned to Los Angeles, Friday after
spending a few days with her parents,
Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Humphries.

A delightful bridge luncheon was
given by Mrs. E. A. Hoffman at her
home, 661 West Central avenue, on
Thursday of last week, in honor of
her guest, Mrs. Steele, of Denver, Col.

Baldwin Coolidge, of Boston, who is
spending the winter at Pasadena, vis-
ited Sierra Madre the latter part of
last week. The Baldwin Apple was
named for Mr. Coolidge's great grand-
father.

The New York State society of Southern
California will hold its annual
picnic and reunion in Sycamore
Grove, all day, Saturday April 19th.

G. C. Rodell has sold his place at
140 South Hermosa, to Charles Brown
of Los Angeles, who will move to it
and become a permanent Sierra Madre
resident as soon as he can close out
his business in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Liggett and
son, Alex., of Washington, D. C., who
are spending the winter in Redlands,
were visitors here the first of the week.

M. Olsen received a telegram from
his son, Norman, who is returning
from service in France, saying he ex-
pected to leave New York Thursday
for Camp Kearny to be mustered out.

Misses Harriett Sperry, Frances
Ralston and Messrs. Momen Baber
and Elliott Rhodes attended the Vic-
tory Ball at Hotel Maryland in Pasadena
last Saturday evening.

Joe Huttner, of Los Angeles, has
installed a bakery at the rear of Ber-
gen's furniture store and will bake
bread, pies, cakes, etc., daily. See his
advertisement in another column.

The fourteenth annual Spring Flow-
er Show of the Pasadena Horticultural
Association is now being held at
Hotel Green, Pasadena. It is un-
usually fine this year and our people are
invited to attend today and tomorrow.
It closes tomorrow night.

The Catholics held services in their
church a week ago Sunday at the old
location and last Sunday in the new.
Between Sundays the building was
moved, cut in two and a section in-
serted making it fifteen feet longer
—all in six days. Contractor Webster
superintended the work.

The News is in receipt of a nice
letter from W. G. Craig, president of
the W. G. Craig Wholesale Grocery
Co., of Kingston, Ont., enclosing two
Canadian one dollar bills to pay for
the News to next January. Many of
our readers will remember Mr. Craig
who spent several months here some
two years ago visiting his daughter,
Mrs. R. H. Mackerras.

NEWS WANTED LINERS

(Rates 5 cents a line—cash in
advance.)

FOR SALE—New Method gas range
in good condition. Will sell reason-
able. 154 E. Central. 28*

DRESSMAKING—All kinds of plain
and fancy dressmaking. Reasonable
prices. Phone Red 135. Mrs. C. C. Til-
ton, Jr. 29*

SITUATION WANTED—MAN AND
WIFE; MAN GARDENER, HOUSE-
MAN, CAPABLE OF KEEPING
BUILDINGS, ETC., IN EXCELLENT
REPAIR. WIFE PLAIN COOK AND
HOUSEWORK. ADDRESS C. S. W.
CARE NEWS OFFICE. 28*

FOR SALE—New bed springs; three-
quarter size; phone Aed 127. 28*

FOUND—Small black pocket-book on
Baldwin avenue and Central, last
Tuesday, containing change less than
\$1.00. Owner pay for this ad. and get
it at News office. 28c

LOST—Black fur, curly, neckpiece,
Wednesday at Catholic church or
near there. Return to Mrs. Peter
Schweich, 695 West Central or leave
at the News office. Reward. 28c

THOROUGHbred Bred Plymouth
Rock Eggs for Hatching. 200-egg
strain, \$1.00 a setting. Phone Black 79
or call at 90 East Central avenue. 28*

FOR SALE—Two good combination
saddle and driving horses, and one
saddle. Phone Green 10. 28*

WANTED—A woman to sweep, dust
and clean for a few hours once in
two weeks. No hard work. Inquire 355
Auburn Ave. Phone Blue 72. 28*

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—A de-
sirable property at Mt. Hermon
Park Seven miles from Santa Cruz,
short walk from the celebrated "Big
Trees," Pansy cottage, several tents,
"sky parlor," quaint redwood trees, 2
lots 50x150 each, value \$2800. Wish to
exchange for Sierra Madre or Los An-
geles property. Inquire at 47 Bonita
avenue. 28*

CARD OF THANKS

I wish to thank all my kind friends
and neighbors for the sympathy ex-
tended to me in the bereavement of
our dearly beloved Father Barth. I
also express my appreciation and
thanks for the many beautiful floral
offerings. And I especially thank Rev.
Father Woodcutter and Mr. Gay for
their untiring effort and great inter-
est in the direction and management
of the funeral services. Credit is also
due Miss Minnette Wanstrath for the
beautiful hymns she sang at the serv-
ices. MRS. LENA JORDON.

Saturday Specials in Groceries

FRESH DATES, CAME IN TODAY, price per package30c
GRAHAM CRACKERS, per pound20c
SODA CRACKERS, per pound 18c; two pounds for35c
EASTER RABBITS per pound25c
LARGE HEADS LETTUCE, 3 for10c
GREEN ASPARAGUS per lb. 15c; 2 pounds for25c
NEW POTATOES, 3 pounds for25c

C. M. Nomura Fruits and Vegetables

PHONE MAIN 46 BANK BUILDING

A Standard Test for Gasoline

The third of a series of three statements

War needs made prominent the question of a standard test for gasoline. On July 31st, 1918, President Wilson ordered a committee appointed under the United States Fuel Administration to establish specifications and standards of test for gasoline supplied to the Government. This committee consisted of the United States Fuel Administration and representatives of the War and Navy Departments, the United States Shipping Board, the Director General of Railroads, the Bureau of Mines, and the Bureau of Standards. Standards were adopted for aviation gasoline (export, fighting and domestic) and for general motor use on land and sea.

The Gravity Test Discarded

The Government's Committee on Standardization of Petroleum Specifications stated in its report: "It will be noted that there are no gravity limitations in the specifications for aviation gasoline, nor in the specifications for motor gasoline which are given later, for it has been found that gravity is of little or no value in determining the quality of gasoline." The standards adopted by the United States Government are based on boiling points.

Boiling Points the Real Test

Gasoline is known to the refiner as one member of the petroleum family. He distinguishes each member of the family, not by gravity, but by boiling points. Gravity is a fleeting standard of test, but boiling points are unchanging in their value and always determine the quality of the product. Knowing them the refiner can keep his product uniform and reliable.

What Is a Boiling Point?

A boiling point is the temperature at which a liquid will begin to boil or vaporize. In distilling a given quantity of gasoline the refiner ascertains at what point each 10 per cent will boil, until the entire quantity is evaporated or distilled. In this way he determines what is known as the initial boiling point, as well as all intervening boiling points in the chain, up to the maximum, high boiling point.

Boiling Points Tell the Story

Boiling points determine the vaporizing and combustible qualities of gasoline. They decide the action of the gas developed from gasoline. They are the only true measure of gasoline value.

An ideal gasoline has boiling points in a continuous, uniform chain. There must not be too many low boiling points, otherwise the loss in

storage by evaporation would be great. There must be just enough low boiling points to vaporize freely and give easy starting. The higher boiling points are necessary for quick acceleration, high power and long mileage.

As combustion starts with the lowest boiling points and flashes on through the gas, the continuous chain of boiling points—from the low to the high—is necessary for instantaneous, full-powered combustion. Only a straight-distilled, all-refinery gasoline can have the continuous, uniform chain of boiling points.

The United States Government Standard Specifications for Gasoline

The United States Government standard specifications for gasoline are based on boiling points—not gravity. Drafted as they were by impartial Government experts, they are generally considered, in the light of conditions today, as the most practical standard for gasoline. They insure an efficient and satisfactory gasoline and at the same time have due regard for the best utilization of our petroleum resources, and the maintenance of reasonable prices to the consumer.

Red Crown Gasoline Conforms to United States Government Standard

All Red Crown gasoline now being supplied in the Pacific Coast States is refined to conform to the United States Government Standard specifications. It is straight-distilled, all-refinery gasoline having the full, uniform chain of boiling points necessary for full-powered, dependable gasoline: Low boiling points for easy starting, medium boiling points for quick, smooth acceleration, and high boiling points for power and mileage.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(California)



Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect It

Applicants for Insurance Often Rejected.

Judging from reports from druggists who are constantly in direct touch with the public, there is one preparation that has been very successful in overcoming these conditions. The mild and healing influence of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its remarkable record of success.

An examining physician for one of the prominent Life Insurance Companies, in an interview of the subject, made the astonishing statement that one reason why so many applicants for insurance are rejected is because kidney trouble is so common to the American people, and the large majority of those whose applications are declined do not even suspect that they have the disease. It is on sale at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

Sad But True.

A friend of Senator Sorghum encountered the solon on the steps of the capitol and after passing the time of day, remarked, playfully:

"Senator, how comes it you aren't making any of your famous speeches these days?"

But the senator was ready for him. "Times have changed," he replied without hesitation. "Now it isn't at all easy for a man with silk hat and frock coat to assert he is saving the country all by himself, and say it at an audience that's all khaki uniforms and overalls."

SAGE TEA BEAUTIFIES AND DARKENS HAIR

Don't Stay Gray! It Darkens So Naturally that Nobody can Tell.

You can turn gray, faded hair beautifully dark and lustrous almost overnight if you'll get a bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound" at any drug store. Millions of bottles of this old famous Sage Tea Recipe, improved by the addition of other ingredients, are sold annually, says a well-known druggist here, because it darkens the hair so naturally and evenly that no one can tell it has been applied.

Those whose hair is turning gray or becoming faded have a surprise awaiting them, because after one or two applications the gray hair vanishes and your locks become luxuriantly dark and beautiful.

This is the age of youth. Gray-haired, unattractive folks aren't wanted around, so get busy with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound to-night and you'll be delighted with your dark, handsome hair and your youthful appearance within a few days.—Adv.

No Melba.

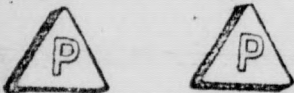
"Harry clapped his hands when I was singing."

"Over his ears?"—Boston Transcript.

PAPE'S DIAPEPSIN FOR INDIGESTION

EAT ONE TABLET! NO GASES, ACIDITY, DYSPEPSIA OR ANY STOMACH MISERY.

Undigested food! Lumps of pain; belching gas, acids and sourness. When your stomach is all upset, here is instant relief—No waiting!



The moment you eat a tablet or two of Pape's Diapepsin all the indigestion pain and dyspepsia distress stops.

Your disordered stomach will feel fine at once.

These pleasant, harmless tablets of Pape's Diapepsin never fail and cost very little at drug stores. Adv.

Not for the Ailing.

"I am strong for this chafing dish stuff."

"Well, a fellow has to be strong for that?"

Catarrhal Deafness Cannot Be Cured by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Catarrhal Deafness, and that is by a constitutional remedy. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. Catarrhal Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a running sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result. Unless the inflammation can be removed and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing may be destroyed forever. Many cases of Deafness are caused by Catarrh, which is an inflamed condition of the Mucous Surfaces.

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for any case of Catarrhal Deafness that cannot be cured by HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE. All Druggists 75c. Circulars free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

To be up to date nowadays you've gotta be about ten years ahead of the times.

The successful bird is the one who makes all his mistakes when no one is looking.

It's all right to hope for the best, but it won't get you much unless you also work for the best.

Something New

Each day you will find something different in our cases. New gift suggestions—small cost—high values. Come in, often.

BOYD PARK

MAKERS OF JEWELRY
166 MAIN STREET SALT LAKE CITY

SEND US YOUR FROZEN, LEAKY, DAMAGED RADIATORS

We pay transportation one way. Returned like new. ACETYLENE WELDING in all its branches. We save you time and money.

H. & E. Radiator & Welding Co.
252 Edison Street, Salt Lake City, Utah

USE OF PHONETIC SPELLING

Reasons Advanced Why It Would Be Well if Its Study Should Be Made More General.

Phonetics in its broadest sense is a study of the whole range of sounds, articulate, musical and otherwise. In its restricted sense it is confined to articulate sounds of human speech. Even in this restricted sense it is still broad enough to include the subject of the acoustic or mechanical side and the anthropological or philological side. It may discuss simply the speech vibrations that cause any particular sensations on the human ears, or it may include an investigation of the manner and causes of the changes the articulate sounds of a language undergo as it develops. The study of phonetics is widely advocated by philologists and by many of the most thoughtful teachers for three reasons: (1) That persons may speak their mother tongue correctly through this learning to know the proper valuation of its sounds; (2) that they may learn successfully the pronunciation of other languages, to which a knowledge of their own is the best introduction; (3) that those who wish to study philology may have a key to that science. And the sounds of our language cannot be successfully studied or explained without some use of phonetic spelling. Hundreds of phonetic alphabets have been proposed, but the only one that has made progress and bids fair to become general (naturally with some modifications) is that of the Association Internationale Phonétique. This alphabet took form between 1885 and 1889 in proposals made by Paul Edouard Passy, a noted French phonetician.

BIRD IS WORTH PRESERVING

Writer Deplores the Threatened Extinction of the Beautiful and Useful Upland Plover.

The upland plover, one of the most beneficial birds of all the winged host that once abounded in North America, has been hunted and shot to the verge of extermination, says Dumb Animals. With the passing of the passenger pigeons, which even now so many friends of all birds find it hard to believe and of which a great many are not convinced, the plovers were marked for wholesale destruction. They were candidates for oblivion along with more than a score of other useful and beautiful species that could be ill spared from our vast and valuable native fauna.

There is a ray of hope that these birds may not be pursued to complete annihilation. The federal law for the protection of migratory birds makes it possible for the plover species to rehabilitate itself, provided the closed season be fixed to continue throughout the year. The upland plover is a migratory bird and an insectivorous bird. Its food consists of 97 per cent of animal forms which are chiefly the worst enemies to agriculture. The federal law fixes a closed season on migratory insectivorous birds to continue throughout the year with the exception of the bobolink or ricebird, but under the law the plover is classed as a migratory game bird and so its fate is precarious. These birds should not be shot.

Shooting Into Space.

The question of whether it would ever be possible to shoot a projectile into space, that is to say entirely off the earth, has long been the subject of discussion. In a detailed scientific paper on the German long ranged gun which bombarded Paris last spring, Major J. Maitland-Addison, writing in the Journal of the Royal Artillery, says the requisite velocity of such a gun is not so very much higher than what has already been achieved; viz., a muzzle velocity of a mile per second. When we are able to increase this to five miles per second, the projectile, if fired at a suitable angle, will travel around the earth as a grazing satellite, completing its orbit between 17 and 18 times daily. With a velocity of about seven miles a second, it will move off into space, never to return.

Easy.

"It is easy to be one sort of philosopher."
"Huh?"
"Easy to deduce that a man's misfortunes are his own fault."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Proof.

"Inanimate things are pugnacious as well as depraved."

"How do you mean?"
"Haven't you ever seen a ship spar or a ballot box?"

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

By Mary Graham Bonner

THE FURNACE.

"Well," said the furnace, "I wouldn't be an ice box for anything in the world."

"I don't suppose you could be," said the ice box.

"What don't you suppose I could be?" asked the furnace.

"I don't suppose you could be an ice box."

"That is true. I couldn't be," said the furnace.

Now the furnace and the ice box were both in a big cellar. The ice box was some distance away from the furnace but still they were in the same cellar. The ice box was off, near a door, which was by some steps. These steps led up to the kitchen of the house and everyone came down to the ice box to get out the food which was going to be used and the milk and all such things which belong in an ice box.

Of course, half of the year the furnace wasn't doing anything, and in the winter time the ice box did not have nearly so much ice given to it.

"I feel sorry for you," said the furnace. "Here you are so cold and you haven't even enough warmth about you to make the ice melt quickly as it does in the summer time."

"You have to be so cold always, even in the winter you have to be cold. That is the saddest of all. In the summer I'm not so hot myself but as soon as a cold day comes I am ready to be warm."

"Poor old ice box, you have my sympathy. That is to say, I feel sorry for you, terribly sorry, poor old ice box."

"Now look here, furnace," said the



"How You've Made the Family Shiver."

ice box, "don't feel so sorry for me that you can't tell the truth. I am not old. I am only two years old. You are really far older."

"I agree, and I admit that what you say is true," said the furnace. "And really anyone could tell that I was older, for I am so much wiser."

"I wouldn't be such a silly, giddy young thing as to be cold. I would know enough to have plenty of coal on my fire so as to keep warm."

"Ah, furnace, you mustn't boast too much," said the ice box. "I've heard the family having great trouble with you. There are days, sometimes the cold, cold ones, too, when you won't burn. I've even known you to go out sometimes."

"And oh, how you have made the family shiver. You have behaved like a naughty, naughty person. You wouldn't go when you were supposed to go. You have made them fuss over you and fuss over you."

"And why shouldn't they fuss over me?" asked the furnace. "I'm the furnace, I am; the great and warm and powerful furnace. I keep the whole house warm. I keep all the people in it warm."

"But you don't keep them warm when you go out and when you go slowly and when you won't burn nicely," said the ice box.

"That is to show that I won't let anyone think I'm so unimportant that I don't have to be noticed and fussed over."

"It shows that sometimes you are very mean, furnace. Important and great and wise and clever creatures don't have to be fussed over. They're above it."

"Look here, young ice box," said the furnace. "I don't want any rules from you. You are a fine thing to talk about a creature keeping warm. What warmth do you ever give to any one, I'd like to know?"

"You're right, furnace. I don't give any warmth. But I am supposed to, and you are. I am supposed to keep the ice and to make folks cool in the hot summer and make the food keep nice and fresh and cool. I do my work, I do. And you should do yours, you should."

"I do it all right, never fear," said the furnace, though it knew that many a time it had behaved pretty badly. But now it was mad and it went for all it was worth and the ice box chuckled and said to itself, "The poor people have been saying how cold they were and how badly the furnace was behaving. Now the furnace is mad and will behave by burning and raging for all it is worth."

And the furnace burned angrily and furiously and how nice and warm the people kept on that cold winter's day!

Farthest From Bark.

Why is a dog's tail like the heart of a tree?—Because it is farthest from the bark.

BOY SCOUTS

(Conducted by National Council of the Boy Scouts of America.)

MESSAGE TO THE SCOUTS

Surely the world has been afire. The big principles at stake have brought out the very best thought and most effective efforts of those who have been fighting for the principles of democracy and humanity, says Chief Scout Executive James E. West.

Scouts certainly approached the Christmas season with joyous hearts. We must, however, bear in mind that the end is not yet. New responsibilities face the civilized world.

Our own country has been recognized as the leader in the development of a new understanding among men. It will take months, and indeed years, to work out the new order of things. The need of men of character to meet the responsibilities which we will have, both here and abroad, makes more important than ever before the scouting program.

Our motto is "Be Prepared." Your scout leaders will tell you much about this in the weeks and months to come. Let you and I, one and all, as members of the world brotherhood of scouts, make a part of our daily endeavors a rededication of ourselves to the principles for which scouting stands.

Let us make the scout oath and the scout law more vital in our daily lives and be prepared to do our share in meeting the responsibilities of today and tomorrow.

DELIVERED CHRISTMAS BASKETS



Scouts Found Plenty to Do During the Holiday Season.

GOOD SCOUTS MADE INDIANS.

At the official camp of the scouts in Delaware and Montgomery counties, Pennsylvania, the bunkhouse, holding eight boys, is planned similar to the witan, or "big house," of the Unami Indians, who inhabited that section and which was used by the Indians for ceremonial purposes.

The openings at the top are smoke holes, the fires being built on stone altars, even with the floor. This makes a good council fire and does not throw out the heat like the fireplace.

At the close of the camp every year there is a ceremony held by Mah-pushna, a full-blooded Indian, at which the boys who win honors at camp are initiated as warriors into the Unami tribe by the old ceremony and with the Indian paraphernalia obtained from the tribe.

SCOUTS PROUD OF THEIR WORK.

The Boy Scouts of America have good reason to feel proud of the patriotic and helpful service they have rendered to the government in all of its wartime activities during the year.

Never before in the history of the scout movement have organized boys been able to demonstrate so thoroughly their helpfulness. The fourth Liberty loan has left behind it a broader and a more comprehensive vision of what scouting in its truest sense means to the growing boys of the community and to the nation at large.

Their efforts in gardening activities, as messengers of the president in the distribution of anti-German propaganda, as helpers to the Red Cross, as locators of black walnut, as gatherers of peach stones, as sellers of Thrift and War Savings stamps and Liberty bonds have demonstrated to the world at large the value of organized boyhood.

CREEL PRAISES BOY SCOUTS.

George Creel, chairman of the committee on public information, Washington, D. C., has written Chief Scout Executive James E. West as follows:

"I have a very keen appreciation of the wonderful work that has been done by the Boy Scouts of America."

This means that the greatest country-wide distribution of printed matter ever undertaken involved the putting out of 15,000,000 copies of the president's flag day address and millions of other loyal pamphlets.

A Natural Question.
"When I was a little lad," self-satisfiedly said the portly plutocrat, "my good mother used often to say to me, 'Cy-rus, be honest and save your money.'"
"Ah, yes?" returned old Festus Pester. "And which did you do?"—Kansas City Star.

Its Sound.
"I am always on the qui vive when I motor."
"Is that a new make?"

The Test.
Knicker—What is a stable government?
Bocker—One that is locked before the horse is gone.

The Idea.
"What is running in Jimps' magazine just now?"
"I think, too much fugitive poetry."
It is better to be up with the lark than down with the measles.



"Your Nose Knows"

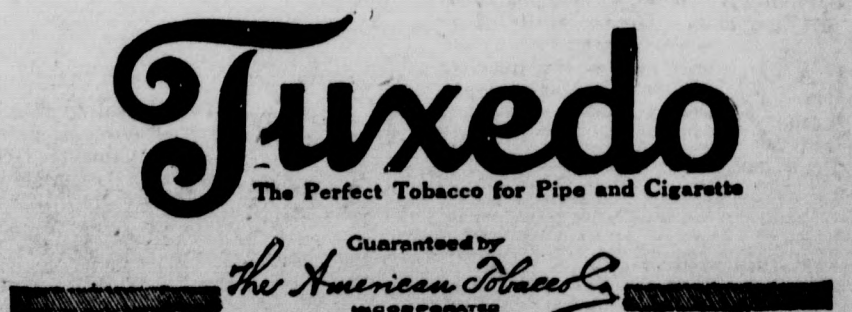
All smoking tobaccos use some flavoring. The Encyclopaedia Britannica says about the manufacture of smoking tobacco, "... on the Continent and in America certain 'sauces' are employed ... the use of the 'sauces' is to improve the flavour and burning qualities of the leaves."

Tuxedo uses chocolate—the purest, most wholesome and delicious of all flavorings! Everybody likes chocolate—we all know that chocolate added to anything as a flavoring always makes that thing still more enjoyable. That is why a dash of chocolate, added to the most carefully selected and properly aged burley tobacco, makes Tuxedo more enjoyable—

"Your Nose Knows"

Try This Test: Rub a little Tuxedo briskly in the palm of your hand to bring out its full aroma. Then smell it deep—its delicious, pure fragrance will convince you. Try this test with any other tobacco and we will let Tuxedo stand or fall on your judgment—

"Your Nose Knows"



Who Benefits By High Prices?

You feel that retail meat prices are too high. Your retailer says he has to pay higher prices to the packers.

Swift & Company prove that out of every dollar the retailer pays to the packers for meat, 2 cents is for packers' profit, 13 cents is for operating expenses, and 85 cents goes to the stock raiser; and that the prices of live stock and meat move up and down together.

The live-stock raiser points to rising costs of raising live stock.

Labor reminds us that higher wages must go hand in hand with the new cost of living.

No one, apparently, is responsible. No one, apparently, is benefited by higher prices and higher income.

We are all living on a high-priced scale. One trouble is, that the number of dollars has multiplied faster than the quantity of goods, so that each dollar buys less than formerly.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.



No Tightwad, Anyhow.

"I shouldn't marry a young man of his type, if I were you."
"Why not?"
"They say he's gone through two fortunes already."
"What of that? I should think it very nice to be married to a man who is such a liberal spender."

Keep clean inside as well as outside by taking a gentle laxative at least once a week, such as Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. Adv.

determine moral action; and moral action leads to necessary law.

Slander gains no love.

DON'T FEAR THE "FLU"

It can't get you, if you use "DR. HILLER'S ESSENTIAL OIL TABLETS." They quickly relieve coughs, colds, all throat and lung troubles, reduce fever, prevent attack if taken in time and are free from drugs or opiates. A real lifesaver which should be used in every home. Trial package of 2 tubes, \$1.00. Full package, 10 tubes \$5.00. Complete directions. Postpaid on receipt of price.

FREDERICK HILLER, M. D.
Suite 423 Consolidated Realty Bldg.
Los Angeles, California

Heal Itching Skins With Cuticura

All dermatitis, Itch, Eczema, Scabies, Sores, Ulcers, Burns, Scalds, etc. Cures. Price \$1.25 per bottle at drug stores or by mail. Write for literature. W. F. YOUNG, P. O. Box 310, Springfield, Mass.

ABSORBINE
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
will reduce inflamed, swollen joints, sprains, bruises, soft bunches, heal boils, poll evil, quittor, fistula and infected sores quickly as it is a positive antiseptic and germicide. Pleasant to use, does not blister or remove the hair, and you can work the horse. \$2.50 per bottle, delivered. Book 7 R free.

ABSORBINE, JR., the antiseptic liniment for man, horse, dog, cat, etc., cures all skin diseases, itching, burning, stings, cuts, etc. Price \$1.25 per bottle at drug stores or by mail. Write for literature. W. F. YOUNG, P. O. Box 310, Springfield, Mass.

No Posing for Josh.

"Your boy has proved a wonderfully industrious chap."
"Yes," replied Farmer Cornstossel. "He never would let us have our own way. Now that his mother would be perfectly willing to have him do nothing but visit an' tell stories, he insists on being out where the real work is going on."

BOSCHEE'S SYRUP

Why use ordinary cough remedies when Boschee's Syrup has been used so successfully for fifty-one years in all parts of the United States for coughs, bronchitis, colds settled in the throat, especially lung troubles? It gives the patient a good night's rest, free from coughing, with easy expectoration in the morning, gives nature a chance to soothe the inflamed parts, throw off the disease, helping the patient to regain his health. Made in America and sold for more than half a century.—Adv.

Foresighted.

"Jack, dear, before our wedding, I wish you would see a doctor."
"Why should I? I am well, except for a touch of dyspepsia."
"That's just it. I'd like you to get a certificate from him which would show that your dyspepsia antedated our marriage."—Boston Transcript.

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum a small box of Barbo Compound, and 1/2 oz. of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Full directions for making and use come in each box of Barbo Compound. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and make it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off.—Adv.

There is no rhyme for silver, but it jingles with gold very nicely.

Your Eyes

Granulated Eyelids, Eyes inflamed by exposure to Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by Murine Eye Remedy. No Smarting, Just Eye Comfort. At Your Druggists or by mail 50c per Bottle. For Book of the Eye free write Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

SCRAPS OF HUMOR



WHAT DID SHE BUMP?

In these days of good education children learn things their fathers and mothers know very little about.

Nora, aged nine, met her father the other day, with her little blue eyes full of tears.

"Oh, daddy!" she wailed, "I've just fallen and bumped my patella."

"Dear, dear! Poor little girl!" said father sympathetically, as with the best intentions in the world he bent to examine her elbow.

Nora drew herself angrily away. "Humph!" she snorted, with a superior air. "I said my patella—that's not my elbow. My elbow's my great sesamoid!"

The Sort.

Politician—I want some one to clear my character for the coming campaign.

Friend—Why not employ a scrub writer?

REAL SARCASM.



"Shake before taking," read the fever and ague victim from the label on the bottle of medicine.
"Talk about your sarcasm," he said to himself; "that is sure the real thing."

The Lineman.

The lineman is a busy soul. In every land and all the time; He works each day from pole to pole. And finds a job in every climb.

The Initial Dig.

"Has the excavating been begun for your new house yet?"
"Yes; I've dug up a thousand dollars advance money for the contractor."

Misunderstood.

Doctor—You are badly in need of change.
Patient—I know it, doctor; but I guess I can raise enough to pay your fee.

Class Doubtful.

Visitor—Now, Willie, let me see how much you know. What class of the animal kingdom do I belong to?
Willie—Well, pa says you're an old hen and ma says you're an old cat.

JOY OF LONELINESS.



Hunter—What I like is to get away off in the pathless woods, where I am sure there is no other human being.
Gunter—You enjoy the vast solitudes of nature?

Hunter—No. But I like to feel certain that I am not going to be mistaken for a deer by some amateur marksman.

He Knew.

"Which side of yer nig do you want fried, mister?" asked the smart sleek restaurant sandwich slinger.

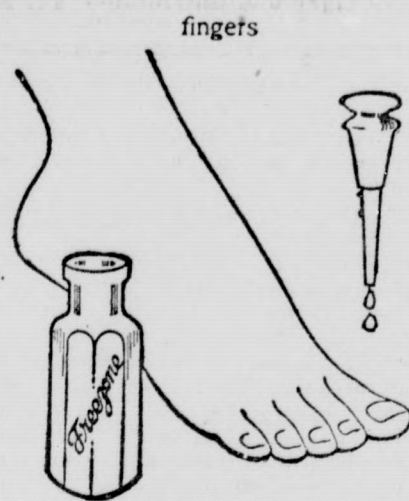
"The inside, please," responded the chronic customer blandly, as he reached for a 50-cent piece.

At the Musicale.

Mr. Ruffneck—Say, that bird is sure hitting the high places on that piano, isn't he?
Mr. Lowbrow—Uh huh, regular sharpshooter.

LIFT OFF CORNS!

Apply few drops then lift sore, touchy corns off with fingers



Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little Freezone on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then you lift it right out. Yes, magic!

A tiny bottle of Freezone costs but a few cents at any drug store, but is sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the calluses, without soreness or irritation. Freezone is the sensational discovery of a Cincinnati genius. It is wonderful.

A Meek and Lowly Follower.

Much to her chagrin, the lady speaker had inadvertently and continually used the expression "Do you follow me?" A meek little man in the front row added to her annoyance by signifying each time that he did.

The lady speaker was exceedingly annoyed—exceedingly. Finally she beckoned to the house policeman.

"Officer," she ordered, "I wish you would take this offensive male brute into custody. He has persisted in following me all evening."

OPEN NOSTRILS! END A COLD OR CATARRH!

How To Get Relief When Head and Nose are Stuffed Up.

County fifty! Your cold in head or catarrh disappears. Your clogged nostrils will open, the air passages of your head will clear and you can breathe freely. No more snuffling, hawking, mucous discharge, dryness or headache; no struggling for breath at night.

Get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm from your druggist and apply a little of this fragrant antiseptic cream in your nostrils. It penetrates through every air passage of the head, soothing and healing the swollen or inflamed mucous membrane, giving you instant relief. Head colds and catarrh yield like magic. Don't stay stuffed-up and miserable. Relief is sure.—Adv.

Or Going Therefrom.

"Brethren and sisters," remarked the visiting presiding elder, "looking at the evolution that has taken place among us, considering the social upheaval that we see on every side, taking note of the turmoil that exists on every hand, I ask, brethren and sisters, what is this world coming to?"
"I don't know," responded the regular minister, "but a large part of it is not coming to this church."

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. H. H. Fletcher* In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Easiest Way.

"How can you tell a dogwood tree?"
"Easily. By its bark."

COUNT FIFTY! PAINS AND NEURALGIA GONE

Instant relief! Rub this nerve torture and misery right out with "St. Jacobs Liniment."

Rub this soothing, penetrating liniment right into the sore, inflamed nerves, and like magic—neuralgia disappears. "St. Jacobs Liniment" conquers pain. It is a harmless "neuralgia relief" which doesn't burn or discolor the skin.

Don't suffer! It's so needless. Get a small trial bottle from any drug store and gently rub the "aching nerves" and in just a moment you will be absolutely free from pain and suffering.

No difference whether your pain or neuralgia is in the face, head or any part of the body, you get instant relief with this old-time, honest pain destroyer—it can not injure.—Adv.

The Way of It.

"Madam, your husband footed the bill." "There! I knew he'd kick about it."

The man who considers his own faults has but little to say concerning the faults of others.

WEAK KIDNEYS MEAN

A WEAK BODY

When you're fifty, your body begins to creak a little at the hinges. Motion is more slow and deliberate. "Not so young as I used to be" is a frequent and unwelcome thought. Certain bodily functions upon which good health and good spirits so much depend, are impaired. The weak spot is generally the bladder. Unpleasant symptoms show themselves. Painful and annoying complications in other organs arise. This is particularly true with elderly people. If you only know how, this trouble can be obviated.

For over 200 years GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil has been relieving the inconvenience and pain due to advancing years. It is a standard, old-time home remedy, and needs no introduction. It is now put up in odorless, tasteless capsules. These are easier and more pleasant to take than the oil in bottles.

Each capsule contains about one dose of five drops. Take them just like you would any pill, with a small swallow of water. They soak into the system and throw off the poisons which are making you old before your time. They will quickly relieve

those stiffened joints, that backache, rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, gall stones, gravel, "brick dust," etc. They are an effective remedy for all diseases of the bladder, kidney, liver, stomach and allied organs.

GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules cleanse the kidneys and purify the blood. They frequently ward off attacks of the dangerous and fatal diseases of the kidneys. They have a beneficial effect, and often completely cure the diseases of the bodily organs, allied with the bladder and kidneys.

If you are troubled with soreness across the loins or with "simple" aches and pains in the back take warning, it may be the preliminary indications of some dreadful malady which can be warded off or cured if taken in time.

Go to your druggist today and get a box of GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. Money refunded if they do not help you. Three sizes. GOLD MEDAL are the pure, original imported Haarlem Oil Capsules. Accept No Substitutes.—Adv.



COLT DISTEMPER

You can prevent this loathsome disease from running through your stable and cure all the colts suffering with it when you begin the treatment. No matter how young, SPOHN'S COMPOUND is safe to use on any colt. It is wonderful how it prevents all distempers, no matter how the colts or horses at any age are "exposed." SPOHN'S is sold by your druggist.

SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Sole Mfrs., Goshen, Ind.

"Out of Torment and Misery to Comfort"

Headache
Neuralgia
Toothache
Earache
Rheumatism
Lumbago

Colds
Grippe
Influenza
Colds
Stiff Neck
Joint Pains

"Proved safe by millions"

Adults—Take one or two "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" with water. If necessary, repeat dose three times a day, after meals.

Holds the Faith of Medical Leaders!

20 cent Bayer packages—also larger Bayer packages. Buy Bayer packages only—Get original package.



Bayer-Tablets OF Aspirin



The "Bayer Cross" on Genuine Tablets

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

Proof that Some Women do Avoid Operations

Mrs. Etta Dorion, of Ogdensburg, Wis., says:

"I suffered from female troubles which caused piercing pains like a knife through my back and side. I finally lost all my strength so I had to go to bed. The doctor advised an operation but I would not listen to it. I thought of what I had read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and tried it. The first bottle brought great relief and six bottles have entirely cured me. All women who have female trouble of any kind should try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

How Mrs. Boyd Avoided an Operation.

Canton, Ohio.—"I suffered from a female trouble which caused me much suffering, and two doctors decided that I would have to go through an operation before I could get well."

"My mother, who had been helped by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, advised me to try it before submitting to an operation. It relieved me from my troubles so I can do my house work without any difficulty. I advise any woman who is afflicted with female troubles to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial and it will do as much for them."—Mrs. MARIE BOYD, 1421 5th St., N. E., Canton, Ohio.

Every Sick Woman Should Try

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND
Before Submitting To An Operation

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. LYNN, MASS.



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SCHOOL NOTES

Hilda Barrett, Editor.
Viola Fennel and Mary Jameson,
Reporters

The whole school is rejoicing be-
cause of the promise of an Easter vaca-
tion next week.

The surprise planned by Miss Pow-
ell for her girls, which was mention-
ed in last week's items, was the trip to
the Mission Play.

The Camp Fire Girls at their booth
at the Wistaria Fete are netting quite
a nice sum. Monday night they had
taken in a total of \$30.00.

The total amount of War Savings
and Thrift Stamps owned by the
teachers and pupils of our school is
\$3,089.50 and for Liberty Bonds \$6-
700. Making a grand total of \$9,789.50.

Fifty pupils of our school chaper-
oned by Miss Prikryl, Miss Chrissy and
Miss Powell, went to the Mission
Play, at San Gabriel. Machines were
very kindly furnished by Mrs. Jame-
son, Mrs. Sparks, Mrs. Woodruff,
Mrs. Withington, Mr. Varney, Mr.
Hartman and Mr. Manchester.

All of the restlessness and secret
conferences of the Sixth grade finally
came to light in the form of a sur-
prise party for their teacher, Miss
Prikryl, held in the kindergarten
rooms, Thursday afternoon at 3:30.
Games were played and later refresh-
ments served.

The following new pupils have been
welcomed into our school: Lillian
Trowbridge, seventh grade; Marion
Trowbridge, fifth grade; Golden Hol-
land, fifth grade; Constance Holland,
third grade. We were sorry to lose the
following pupils who have left school:
Mary Byrd, seventh grade; Catherine
Campbell, seventh grade.

Edith Jones was the hostess at a
delightful birthday party given at her
home Friday evening. Weiners and
marshmallows were roasted and vari-
ous games enjoyed. Ice cream and
cake were served later in the evening.
Those present were Mrs. Dean Shaw,
Beryl Clewett, Betty Shaw, Viola
Fennel, Carmen Hibbs, Paul Lodi,
Herbert Munson, Ivan Munson, Ar-
thur Johnson, Henri Withington and
Allie Miller.

BOY SCOUTS NEWS

Edwin Ward, Editor.

We hope to sell 200 tickets to the
Mission Play—and make \$20 commis-
sion.

Are you going to the Mission Play
April 25? Get your tickets early and
help the Boy Scouts.

Mr. Forman was scheduled to teach
us how to play chess on Saturday
night, but since Dick Krebs forgot to
tell him, the joke is on Dick.

We have four new scouts, Leslie
Skrable, Gustave Ehrenstrom, Earl
March and Harry Peterson. They will
be initiated at our next meeting.

There will be no meeting this week,
but there will be a special meeting
next Tuesday evening at 7:15 and also
the regular meeting next Friday even-
ing.

There are now 22 scouts in Sierra
Madre and each one is pledged to do
a good turn every day. This means
660 good deeds each month done in
Sierra Madre, by the Boy Scouts.

A bunch of us went up to the cab-
ins in Bailey Canyon Saturday, and
took our lunches. Earl March was
late and sure-made some speed up the
trail. Leslie Skrabie lost our only ball
and spent most of the day looking for
it.

Remember the Victory Liberty Loan
will soon be here, April 21—the open-
ing day.

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE SALE

Sheriff's Sale
No. B66802
Order of Sale and Decree of Fore-
closure and Sale.

L. B. Parmele, Plaintiff.
vs.
Clara M. Webster, Clara M. Webster,
executrix of the estate of Frank E.
Webster, Axel Aronson and Mary
C. Aronson, his wife, Joseph F.
Salisbury and Acop Mngngoff, also
known as Acop Merkerdichoff, De-
fendants.

Under and by virtue of an order
of sale and decree of foreclosure and
sale, issued out of the Superior Court
of the county of Los Angeles, of the
State of California, on the 24 day of
March, A. D. 1919, in the above entit-
led action, wherein L.B. Parmele, the a-
bove named plaintiff, obtained a judg-
ment and decree of foreclosure and sale
against Clara M. Webster, et al., de-
fendants, on the 12th day of March,
A. D. 1919, for the sum of Thirteen
hundred ninety-seven and 67-100
(\$1397.67) Dollars gold coin of the
United States, which said decree was,
on the 17th day of March A. D. 1919,
recorded in Judgment Book 445 of
said Court, at page 11, I am com-
manded to sell all that certain lot,
piece or parcel of land situate, lying
and being in the city of Pasadena,
County of Los Angeles, State of Cali-
fornia, and bounded and described as
follows:

Lot fifty-eight (58) of the Chapman
Aract, in the city of Pasadena, county
of Los Angeles, state of California, as
per map recorded in book 12, page 36,
miscellaneous records of said county.

Together with the tenements, heredi-
taments and appurtenances thereunto
belonging or in any wise appertaining.

Public Notice is Hereby Given, That,
on Monday, the 28th day of April, A.
D. 1919, at 12 o'clock M. of that day
in front of the Court House door of
the County of Los Angeles, Broadway
entrance, I will, in obedience to said
order of sale and decree of foreclo-
sure and sale, sell the above de-
scribed property, or so much thereof
as may be necessary to satisfy said
judgment, with interests and costs,
etc., to the highest and best bidder,
for cash gold coin of the United
States.

Dated this 3 day of April, 1919.
JNO. C. CLINE,
Sheriff of Los Angeles County.
By W. T. Osterholt, Deputy Sheriff.
Hahn & Hahn, Plaintiff's Attorneys.
27-30

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ES- TATE UNDER EXECUTION

Sheriff's Sale
No. B68906
First National Bank of El Monte,
Plaintiff.

vs.
Royal M. Barton, et al., Defendants.

By virtue of an execution issued
out of the Superior Court of the
County of Los Angeles, State of
California, wherein First National
Bank of El Monte, Cal., a corporation,
plaintiff, and Royal M. Barton and
George M. Tucker, defendants, upon
a judgment rendered the 20th day of
March, A. D. 1919 for the sum of
Six hundred eleven and 72-100
(\$611.72) dollars lawful money of the
United States, besides costs and inter-
est, I have levied upon all the right,
title, claim and interest of said de-
fendants, Royal M. Barton and George
W. Tucker of, in and to the follow-
ing described real estate, situate in
the County of Los Angeles, State of
California, and bounded and describ-
ed as follows:

An undivided one-eighth interest in
and to lot 4, E. J. Baldwin's Addition
No. 2 to Santa Anita Colony, in
Rancho Francisquito, county of Los
Angeles, state of California, as per
map in book 53 page 4 miscellaneous
records of said county.

Public Notice is Hereby Given, That
I will, on Tuesday the 29th day of
April, A. D. 1919 at 12 o'clock M. of
that day, in front of the Court House
door of the County of Los Angeles,
Broadway entrance, sell at public auc-
tion, for lawful money of the United
States, all the right, title, claim and
interest of said defendants, Royal M.
Barton and George W. Tucker of, in
and to the above described property,
or so much thereof as may be neces-
sary to raise sufficient to satisfy said
Judgment, with interest and costs, etc.
to the highest and best bidder.

Dated this 3 day of April, 1919.
JNO. C. CLINE,
Sheriff of Los Angeles County.
By W. T. Osterholt, Deputy Sheriff.
J. W. Falkner, Plaintiff's Attorney.
27-30

Statement of the Ownership, Manage-
ment, Etc., Required by the Act of
Congress of August 24, 1912, of the
Sierra Madre News, published
weekly at Sierra Madre, Cal., for
April 1, 1919.

Before me, a Notary Public in and
for the state and county aforesaid,
personally appeared J. F. Whiting,
who, having been duly sworn
according to law, deposes and says
that he is the publisher of the Sierra
Madre News and that the following
is, to the best of his knowledge and
belief, a true statement of the owner-
ship, management (and if a daily
paper, the circulation), etc., of the
aforesaid publication for the date
shown in the above caption, required
by the Act of August 24, 1912, em-
bodied in section 443, Postal Laws
and Regulations, printed on the re-
verse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of
the publisher, editor, managing edi-
tor and business managers are:
Publisher, Editor and sole manag-
er is J. F. Whiting, Sierra Madre, Cal.
2. That the owner is George B.
Morgridge, Sierra Madre, Cal.
3. That the known bondholders,
mortgagees, and other security hold-
ers owning 1 per cent or more of
total amount of bonds, mortgages, or
other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next
above, giving the names of the
owners, stockholders, and security
holders, if any, contain not only the
names, stockholders, and security
holders as they appear upon the
books of the company but also, in
cases where the stockholder or secu-
rity holder appears upon the books of
the company as trustee or in
any other fiduciary relation, the name
of the person or corporation for
whom such trustee is acting, is given;
also that the said two paragraphs
contain statements embracing affiant's
full knowledge and belief as to the
circumstances and conditions under
which stockholders who do not appear
upon the books of the company as
trustees, hold stock and securities in
a capacity other than that of a bona
fide owner; and this affiant has no
reason to believe that any other per-
son, association, or corporation has
any interest direct or indirect in the
said stock, bonds, or other securities
than as so stated by him.

J. F. WHITING
Sworn to and subscribed before me
this 29th day of March, 1919.

S. R. G. TWYGCROSS.
(My commission expires April 6, 1919)

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your paper.

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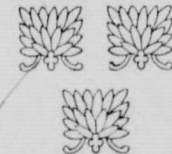
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